THE New Republic

Farm Life in the Soviet Union

by Lauren K. Soth

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PERON! PERON!

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Washington Wire .... *T.R.B.*

The impression grows here that under President Eisenhower the nation is relaxing into dangerous complacency over world affairs. The newspapers have turned the amiable President into an idol. The assumption is that every global conference he launches or attends is a success for our side. Many humble folk assume the Cold War ended with Ike's "triumph" at Geneva. The Administration itself proposes to slash another billion from defense.

It is curious to see the undercurrent of anxiety to this thesis popping up among respected observers, including some of Ike's strongest supporters. The *New York Herald Tribune's* Roscoe Drummond, looking back at Geneva, says the more he thinks about it "the more ominous it becomes," partly not because "nothing was settled" but primarily because it revealed that the smiling Soviets do not intend to make a settlement "except on complete acceptance of Soviet terms."

Walter Lippmann complains of Administration "moralistic, inaccurate rhetoric" in claiming diplomatic successes, and asks for public explanation in "cool, matter-of-fact and precise language." Now James Reston of the *New York Times* enters the discussion with the flat charge that the Administration is distorting the facts. Presumably he is already under FBI investigation for revealing that our Moscow Embassy's cabled analysis of the Bonn talks does not bear out the rosy interpretation put out on them for propaganda purposes by Acting Secretary of State Herbert Hoover Jr., in Washington. (For revealing last November that the State Department was negotiating a security pact with Nationalist China the FBI was put on the trail of the *Washington Post's* excellent reporter, Chalmers Roberts.)

Reston declares that if Ike were at his job, here in Washington, he could strike the right warning note against galloping national complacency. Actually, he says, the Communists have profited diplomatically from each of the recent big power conferences and are making as much, if not more, progress in the "cool war" as they did in the "Cold War."

" . . . While it is not a pleasant thing to say," Reston writes, "it is a fact which almost everybody here knows but ignores that his [Eisenhower's] absence is detrimental to the Western cause at a time when he is badly needed."

What is Ike doing in Denver? Why, playing golf with the tycoons. There has not been in history a President with such a simple, direct and unconcealed admiration for heads of big business as Eisenhower. It is part of his candid personality that he does not hide but proclaims his feelings. The names of his golfing companions are published from day to day. In the past few weeks they have represented: General Motors, General Electric, Firestone Tire, Continental Can, Cities Service Oil, Coca-Cola, Continental Oil, Corning Glass, Frankfort Distillers and others. The guests are usually the presidents of these great concerns or the chairmen of their boards. Obviously you can't play golf with a simple intellectual, or a labor leader.

Why shouldn't the President seek a second term, one asks, if the office is made as comfortable for him as it now is? This does not minimize the fact that Ike has made big decisions and, on the whole, sound decisions, on foreign affairs. But the tendency more and more is to let his staff handle the work. On the other hand if we had to pick the one man in the Capital who seems to us most appropriate for Ike's successor, in the unlikely event that he should withdraw, we would choose George Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury and strongest man in the Cabinet. He is probably Ike's most potent adviser. He backs the new arms cut, is the key man on taxes, tariffs and fiscal affairs and is abroad now on a quasi-diplomatic trade mission. He has his hand in every pot. Humphrey is an able, intelligent businessman who represents everything Ike admires. The trouble would be in electing him. There is an odd difference between making a man President who regards tycoons as the finest representatives of American civilization, and in choosing one of these tycoons himself.

Way back in 1902 Congress began writing a policy symbolized in "the preference clause." This clause gives priority to public agencies, like co-operatives, municipal light systems and other nonprofit organizations, in receiving power from federal hydroelectric plants. The clause is incorporated in the 1933 TVA Act, the Rural Electrification Act of 1936 and elsewhere. The whole theory of the preference clause has been under quiet attack by the Eisenhower Administration. Now veteran Sen. Joseph O'Mahoney (D, Wyo.) has started an important counter-attack. Joint hearings of a couple of Senate subcommittees are beginning under his chairmanship to dramatize and spotlight the issue. The preference clause is the heart of the Administration's charge of "creeping socialism" in the power fight—a fight that may decide how the Pacific Northwest votes next year. In New York, meanwhile, by contrast, Democratic Governor Harriman has just given the decision to public power advocates in the St. Lawrence Waterway battle, with permission to build their own transmission lines.

A split has developed in the ultra-conservative nationalistic American Legion which should make the Miami convention Oct. 10-13, particularly entertaining. After years of Legion denunciation of UNESCO (UN Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization) as "atheistic and Communistic" the Illinois Department of the Legion (of all places!) sponsored a study by Ray Murphy, former national commander, which found the charges "utterly without foundation." In alarm, Seaborn Collins, present national commander, has turned his guns on the Ford "Fund for the Republic," which co-operated in the Murphy report. Fulton Lewis, George Sokolsky, Paul Harvey, other conservative commentators and *Facts Forum News*, financed by Texas tycoon H. L. Hunt, have opened up behind Collins. We think it would be too much to expect a liberal victory at Miami, but the existence of the split itself is extraordinary. The normal course of such affairs is for Collins to win a face-saving victory and then, as public opinion changes, to quietly drop the issue and find some new target for patriotic breast-beating.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Returning to Geneva for the Second Act

ON the 27th of next month the Foreign Ministers of Britain, France, the Soviet Union and the United States will again meet in Geneva. There, by the terms of the Directive which concluded the earlier Geneva meeting, the Foreign Ministers must "continue the consideration" of the major conflicts and projects on which the four heads of governments exchanged views. Three months will have passed since the Directive was issued, time enough for study, reflection and the formulation of proposals consistent with Geneva's constructive spirit.

Among the three items chosen for continuing consideration, disarmament has been the subject of intensive, useful, but so far unproductive, debate in the United Nations. The third item, the Development of Contacts between East and West has prospered, and is likely to produce helpful plans since all four governments will see in it a means of forwarding the success at Geneva that all seem to desire. And yet the first item of the agenda, European Security and Germany is the issue upon which the Foreign Ministers' Conference will be judged.

Item One of the Eisenhower-Eden-Bulganin-Faure Directive is in two parts. The first instructed the Foreign Ministers to consider:

> A Security pact for Europe or a part of Europe including provision for the assumption by member nations of an obligation not to resort to force and to deny assistance to an aggressor; limitation, control and inspection in regard to armed forces and armaments; establishment between East and West of a zone in which the disposition of armed forces will be subject to mutual agreement. . . .

The second part of Item One confirms that the "reunification of Germany by means of free elections shall be carried out." But no relationship is indicated between the first and second parts. The only effort to relate the two objectives is in the preamble of the Directive which instructs the Foreign Ministers to draw up their proposals "taking account of the close link between the reunification of Germany and the problem of European Security." This, of course, means little and suggests that the Foreign Ministers' Conference will end in deadlock in its discussion of Item One.

Western assent to Item One followed the presentation at Geneva of security proposals by Sir Anthony Eden. He called for a five-nation security treaty embracing the Soviet Union, a united Germany, the US, France and Britain. Eden called further for a thinning out of troops in East and West Germany and for the joint inspection of arms limitation on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

His proposals were rejected by the Soviet Government, but this did not necessarily foreclose further discussion. Eden himself spoke of them as examples rather than as finished plans. In the interim, working papers have been exchanged among the allies and Germany, and in the coming conferences, the Western spokesmen will have to stand together on definite proposals. The British have further developed the Eden projects. The United States has prepared a security pact of 14 nations with much looser guarantees. In general the Western governments have had to prepare for the Geneva meeting in the midst of domestic distractions. Britain has been confronted by an economic crisis, France by the North African rebellion, the Eisenhower Administration by the 1956 elections. The West Germans in turn have feared that in the soft spirit engendered by Geneva, the Eden proposals might be detached from German unification and made into a subtle endorsement of the status quo. Now, however, the experts of the four major Western powers are conferring once more. And it seems probable that the first essential of Geneva — Western unity — will be achieved.

The Soviet Union meanwhile holds to a very different interpretation of Item One. Its opposition to early unification of Germany was well established at Geneva. Its proposed security pact, of 26 nations, can be interpreted as a means of bolstering the status of the East German state. For this state would participate as an equal, with all others, during the first stage of the plan, whose duration the Kremlin could indefinitely prolong.

No development since Geneva suggests any modification in the Kremlin's view. On the contrary, Chancellor Adenauer's visit to Moscow served to demonstrate the force with which the Kremlin stands behind its East German satellite. For Adenauer had publicly insisted that he would not exchange ambassadors until the Russians agreed to an enforceable timetable for reunification. But in the end, and after harsh exchanges, it was Adenauer not the Russians who gave in.

Following the first declaration by the State Department that Adenauer had scored a great victory, his visit is being interpreted by some as the final blow to the coming Geneva conference. Now that the Kremlin can "negotiate directly with both the West Germans and the East Germans," explained the *New York Times*, all hopes of realistic negotiations between the great powers on Germany have "virtually disappeared."

This interpretation, well grounded though it may be, is clearly overdrawn. The idea that the Kremlin and the Kremlin alone can now deal directly with both German states overlooks the fact that in all essentials the East German regime has been a part of the Kremlin's operations from the start.

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German unification, if it is achieved, will be achieved over many years. No single development, and no one conference will bring it about. In the long term, the exchange of ambassadors between Moscow and Bonn is not an unforeseen and perilous step but one that was inevitable and sensible. It became inevitable on May 5, 1955, when West Germany regained its sovereignty. It is sensible because in the absence of legitimate diplomatic relations, the necessary contacts between Russia and West Germany are forced into clandestine channels and the Bonn regime is vulnerable to the charge of being a Western satellite, with no authority of its own.

The return of 9,000 German prisoners from Russia is a human victory which the Kremlin, surprisingly, has permitted Dr. Adenauer to share. For the moment his insistence on solidarity with the West is strengthened within Germany. It is likely to be weakened once more when the Western ministers fail next month to move the Russians at Geneva.

It may well be that a formula can be arranged which does not seem to freeze the status quo, which would permit German reunification by stages. If not, then in the letdown that will follow, the Eisenhower Administration will be well advised to move at once to rebuild the crumbling structure of NATO and in every other way to bring West Germany into even closed union with the Atlantic allies.

Hatchet Job on the Fund for the Republic

THE NATIONAL commander of the American Legion called on his three million comrades last week to stay clear of the Fund for the Republic which is "threatening and may succeed in crippling the national security."

Commander Seaborn P. Collins' alert coincided with the news that the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, headed by Sen. James O. Eastland (D, Miss.), had called Mrs. Mary G. Knowles, a 45-year-old librarian to the witness chair for the third time in two years. Mrs. Knowles was identified by a former FBI agent in 1953 as a one-time Communist. In both her previous appearances before the committee she invoked the Fifth Amendment. The reason why Mrs. Knowles was called back to Washington to be asked the same questions that she had been asked twice before was not hard to discover: the Fund for the Republic gave $5,000 to the Plymouth Meeting Library in Pennsylvania last June for its "courageous and effective defense of democratic principles" in having hired the librarian after she had pleaded the Fifth Amendment and kept her in her job despite protests by the American Legion and others. The Senate Subcommittee hearing was presided over by Sen. William E. Jenner, Republican from Indiana, where politics are practiced in the shadow of American Legion national headquarters.

The simultaneous charge by Commander Collins and the Senate body on the Fund for the Republic was preceded by a barrage of Fulton Lewis Jr. broadcasts—beginning on August 22 and still going strong—attacking the Fund as

> . . . an extreme, ideological, political propaganda organization, promoting the doctrines of the Americans for Democratic Action and all points to the Left of that, fighting the security programs by which the federal government tries to protect itself against enemy infiltration, fighting also the Congressional investigators who seek to expose Communism and the methods the Communists have used in the past to infiltrate our government up to the very highest level.

The board of directors of the Fund for the Republic include Republicans like Arthur Dean and businessmen of the prestige of Meyer Kestnbaum. But these men have become a principal target of those who worked together against the election of Sen. Clifford Case in New Jersey, and on behalf of McCarthy. Followers of Fulton Lewis are informed that Paul Hoffman, the first president of the Fund, is a "dilettante left-winger who for some reason or other seems to have a definite influence at the present White House—through side windows . . ."; Senator Case (R, N.J.), the second president, has "an extreme left-wing record as a member of the House of Representatives . . ."; Robert M. Hutchins, who now holds the post, is "one of the most renowned radicals of the American educational world . . ."; the Fund's vice president, W. H. Ferry, has a reputation of being "a constant dissenter and rebel against everything conventional." All these men, Lewis adds, have had associations with such persons as Sidney Hillman and Alger Hiss, and Mr. Lewis provides pertinent details—along with statements by Dr. Hutchins reported in the *Daily Worker*.

The Fund for the Republic was started in 1952 with a grant of $1 million from the Ford Foundation. In February, 1953, it was given $14 million more and made completely independent under Dr. Hutchins. These funds, of course, are private property drawn from their family fortune by Henry Ford's descendants, and allocated to educational purposes. But Lewis and his associates treat the Foundation grants as purely public funds, rousing his large audience by

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first detailing the large sums that the Foundation and the Fund are spending —in India, or for inquiries into the conduct of professional informers, and then concluding "and it's your money of course—because it is tax exempt. . . ."

"The purpose of the Fund," according to Dr. Hutchins, "is to defend American principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution." Among the subjects now being studied are blacklisting in the motion picture, radio and television industries; post-office interference with the flow of information and opinion; and the testimony of witnesses in proceedings relative to Communism. Under consideration is a projected study of the American Legion and the FBI and their relation to individual freedoms.

The co-ordinated attack on Dr. Hutchins' organization comes only a few weeks after the publication of a study of 50 security cases (*NR*, Aug. 29), which the Fund sponsored and which provided the first detailed examples of some of the injustices and absurdities of the present security program. Mr. Lewis and his friends are apparently moving in to reverse the prevailing shift toward sanity.

Despite the public dissent of a former Illinois state commander, the Miami national convention will send the Legion in full force into the battle begun by Fulton Lewis. If the three million Legion members in 17,200 posts around the country can be whipped up sufficiently to make their displeasure over the activities of the Ford-financed group felt by local Ford dealers, then, with new cars getting harder and harder to sell, pressure is likely to back up fast to Detroit. There, the executives at the Ford Motor Company who have already smarted under bitter criticisms from Lewis, Reece and the *Chicago Tribune* will have to weigh once again the costs of their philanthropy. Before many weeks have passed large numbers of Americans may believe that $15 million of the public's money has been given by the Ford Foundation to Mrs. Knowles, and through her to the Communists. With so experienced an operator as Fulton Lewis at the controls of so powerful an engine as the American Legion—and with allies in Congress eager to provide additional push—the Fund for the Republic faces serious trouble, and business and public opinion a test.

A Look Inside the World's Pocketbook

Most of the finance ministers of the free world were assembled at Ankara September 12-16 for the annual board meeting of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. Principal document before the meeting was the Bank's 10th annual report, which reflects the highest level of prosperity the world has known since the development of the steam engine and electricity.

Record-breaking employment and output of goods in the US is accompanied by unprecedented prosperity in the workshops of Western Europe. Most Europeans can today say they "never had it so good."

But blemish mars this bright picture: the gap between the industrialized "haves" and the non-industrialized "have-nots" is widening. Those nations which industrialized in the 19th Century are accelerating their output of goods at a pace with which the most efficient nations of Asia and Latin America cannot compete, much less overtake.

The $29 billion which American industry will invest this year in new productive facilities within the US will far surpass all new investment this year on the three continents of Asia, Africa and Latin America. And the wages of the Detroit auto workers or Pittsburgh steel workers are going up at a rate much faster proportionately than the take home pay of the Indian textile worker or the Chilean copper miner.

Underdeveloped countries are a vast pocket of distress, relatively speaking, in the midst of free world prosperity, just as American prosperity is pock-marked by ailing farming communities, the coal-mining region of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and some textile towns in New England.

For 10 years every UN meeting on economic matters has discussed how to stimulate a greater flow of capital into Asia, Africa and Latin America. Every nation favors it. But both the borrowers and the lenders acknowledge many difficulties. This problem was basic to the discussion of finance ministers at Ankara, and will continue to be discussed at the forthcoming UN General Assembly in New York.

In the past year, the international flow of capital has been speeded up:

1. During the 12 months ending last June 30 the two largest development banks—the World Bank and the US Export-Import Bank—loaned more than $1 billion, and more than half of it went to underdeveloped countries. This represents a rate nearly twice that of the previous five-year period. The biggest increase came from the Export-Import Bank, which received in 1954 from a Republican Congress an increase in its lending authority, and restoration of its bipartisan Board of Directors. Both the Ex-Im Bank and the World Bank have helped finance such basic economic services as foreign roads, harbors, power plants, railroads, irrigation and TVA-like valley projects.

2. American private investments abroad last year increased by $2.8 billion to an all-time high of $26 billion, the Department of Commerce reported. But this is not as impressive as it sounds. Profits collected abroad by American investors last year were $2.5 billion, also an all-time high, and left little net gain for the host countries. In Latin America our investors actually withdrew $500 million more than they put in last year. Moreover, most American investments are in extractive industries like petroleum and mining, which contribute less to local prosperity than investments in manufacturing. And only a small fraction of new American investment goes into Asia and Africa.

Most encouraging development in private investment is the new willingness of Americans to buy foreign securities. This is the first revival of the foreign securities market since the major defaults of the 1930's.

3. Congress voted more than $600 million for American grants and loans to underdeveloped countries under the foreign-aid program this year. This is an increase of more than $100 million over any previous year, and reflects the recommendations of the Eisenhower Administration and the votes of a Democratic Congress.

4. Countries in Asia, Africa and Latin America are now receiving very high prices for the industrial raw materials which they sell to Europe and North America. Prices, which sagged immediately after the end of the Korean War in 1953, have been pushed up again by prosperity in industrialized countries.

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The sale of commodities means more to countries like India, Brazil and Ethiopia than all the international loans and grants combined.

5. A new affiliate of the World Bank, the International Finance Corporation (IFC), is to be launched this winter, as soon as the required 30 nations pledge capital. The American Congress has already voted our participation, and 47 other countries have said they will join. The IFC will have only $100 million in working capital, but its purpose is to invest in private enterprise abroad, and sell the securities it obtains on the capital markets of the world, thus turning over its capital as often as possible. Unlike World Bank loans, the IFC investments will not be guaranteed by member governments.

6. The long-proposed Special UN Fund for Economic Development (SUNFED) was again discussed at the UN Economic and Social Council this summer, and is scheduled for debate in the General Assembly this fall. SUNFED is a plan for a UN agency which would administer capital grants and loans to underdeveloped countries, in a manner similar to the US bilateral aid program. The US and members of the British Commonwealth have argued that this Fund should not be created until there are real savings from disarmament. The underdeveloped countries, aided by the Netherlands and Norway, have urged that the Fund be created immediately. There is no prospect for approval at the General Assembly this year.

Despite all these developments, the gap in living standard between the most advanced and least advanced countries continues to widen. This has given Communist agents their strongest talking point in Asia: the claim that Communism offers the super-highway to industrialization, and that only by tying themselves to the Communist bloc can Asians escape the "boom-and-bust" cycle of commodity prices in the free world.

It matters little that these arguments are disproved by what has happened in satellite countries. The average Asian has no chance to see for himself, and is much more aware that his own standard of living is lagging far behind that of Europe and North America.

HALDORE HANSON

Who Will Be the Farmers' Friend in '56?

FOURTEEN months before the 1956 election Republican and Democratic leaders are agreed that "the farm-price squeeze" is the most serious threat to a Republican victory, and will be one of the hottest issues in the Democratic campaign. This unusual agreement arises from unmistakable similarities between the farm outlook today and in 1948, the year a farm revolt provided the winning margin in President Truman's victory over Thomas Dewey. Here are some similarities:

1948 was the year of the first postwar decline in farm prices. 1948 was the year the Republican 80th Congress voted flexible price supports to replace Democratic high rigid supports. 1948 was the year Secretary of Agriculture Brannan and President Truman stumped the 16 farm states in which agriculture is the chief occupation—states which control a third of the Presidential electors, and which normally must supply the backbone of any national Republican victory. Republicans ridiculed the Democratic farm approach. But Truman carried 10 of those 16 farm states.

In 1956 farm prices, by present projections, will be seriously depressed even if the bottom of the farm price cycle is reached before the election. (Farm prices are now 26 percent below 1951 figures, and **farm income down 32 percent.** The drop was spread over both the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations.) 1956 will find Republican flexible price supports still in operation, if Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Benson has his way. 1956 will find the same Mr. Brannan and his predecessor, Claude Wickard, both stumping the 16 farm states, carrying the same type of attack which won in 1948.

Secretary Benson on his return from a recent tour of Europe promised some "very specific recommendations" to the Congress in January on the farm problem. But it is one of the political facts of life that no rational farm program can be hammered out in an election year. When Vice President Nixon delivered a major farm policy addressed at the National Plowing Contest on September 17, he offered a 5-point program, no part of which was new. There has been speculation that the GOP was dusting off the Brannan plan under another name, or proposing to lease marginal crop land in order to put it back into grass. The most that Mr. Benson is likely to do in 1956 is to raise the support payments to farmers under legislation already on the books.

Secretary Benson protests that 1955 surpluses should not be blamed on his flexible supports because the new supports will not apply to most crops until 1956. In this he is right. But Mr. Benson's Department underestimated surpluses this year by more than $1 billion.

Since the campaign will be waged in words, not deeds, it is always possible that the GOP will come up with a daring farm proposal designed to lure votes and embarrass a Democratic Congress. If the Congress should fail to act on such a proposal, the Republicans would blame the farm mess upon Democratic inertia. But if Congress passed such a proposal—an unlikely event, the Republicans could claim the parenthood. Such tactics would fit the present vogue for merchandising gimmicks in Government.

"Couldn't we call it the Benson plan or something?"

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McCarthy in Wisconsin: Down But Not Out

ALMOST every day now some leading citizen breaks a long silence to state boldly that Sen. Joseph McCarthy is "finished," "washed up" or, most often, "dead." The latest of these leaders is Vice-President Nixon who assures us that McCarthy is "through" as a political threat and as a "major divisive force" within the Republican Party.

Mr. Nixon certainly is not known for sticking his neck out. And yet in Wisconsin few critics of the Senator enjoy so comfortable a view.

For the moment certainly, McCarthy is down. Power, which he must always assault until he gains it for himself, is held by his own party, and attacking the national hero in the White House is not a profitable pastime. The nation is bored by McCarthy; his party feels no need of him nationally; his colleagues in the Senate are standing up to his attacks on the Eisenhower Administration; and the newspapers, for a change, are pushing him to the back pages. It is this last development that McCarthy, a close student of the press and public opinion, feels most keenly, and which he blames most bitterly for his descent from the heights. And yet one cannot say McCarthy is finished until he is defeated for office in Wisconsin. He is not up for re-election until 1958.

Meanwhile, there have been only a few signs that McCarthy has suffered any loss of regard by the Republican voters in this state. He still has his constant supporters in the letters columns of newspapers; attacks upon him still bring fanatic and often profane objections; his appearance at Republican gatherings still bring ovations. "The McCarthy people have quieted down," said a woman from Appleton, McCarthy's place of residence. "But I don't know any of them who have changed." Events like the censure of the Senator or even Administration criticism have served to stiffen the loyalty of McCarthy supporters. For a large part of McCarthy's appeal stems from the chip-on-the-shoulder provincial spirit of Wisconsin voters. "Our boy is telling off those big shots," they say. Criticism of McCarthy from Washington or the East is easy to turn into native pride and belligerence. McCarthy exploited this animosity toward the outer world to the fullest in his 1952 campaign. "That's the *New York Times* reporter," he would say, pointing, as necks craned to peer at this outsider. "They don't like me."

"Joe McCarthy is the greatest man in the United States Senate," said a recent letter writer to the *Milwaukee Journal*. "Every loyal citizen of Wisconsin can feel proud to be represented by this courageous patriot."

Wisconsin is a Republican state, almost as Republican as Southern states are Democratic. If McCarthy is to be defeated, he must be dumped in the primary by his own party, or a large number of Republican voters must be induced to vote for a Democrat, an act which is truly repugnant to most, no matter their feelings about McCarthy. If the effort is made to beat him in the primary, the position of the state Republican organization is all-important, and there has been no sign that the organization intends to do anything but put all its considerable weight behind the Senator. Governor Walter Kohler is thought to be pondering a 1958 race against McCarthy in the Republican primary, a move he considered, then rejected, in 1952. He was timid then; he is still cautious.

Out of all the millions of words that have been written about McCarthy, all that many Wisconsin voters remember is that McCarthy is against Communists. Are you *for* Communists? they demand of the Senator's critics. A logical answer to them is no answer at all. It is a question of faith, not reason and it goes beyond party loyalty. Even McCarthy's attacks on the President seem to have had little effect. Mr. Eisenhower is well liked in Wisconsin, but has not inspired the same devotion that McCarthy has. It probably will take something more fundamental than bad feeling between McCarthy and the Administration to upset the Senator in Wisconsin.

Here in Wisconsin one issue alone seems fundamental and threatening at present. Though he avoids saying it directly, McCarthy seems to be advocating war when he charges the President with appeasement, calls for the defense of Quemoy and Matsu, and offers to lead an expeditionary force to free American prisoners in China. If the electorate judges that war is the end result of such policies, it may go badly with McCarthy, for opposition to war—no matter how noble the cause—is deeply ingrained in Wisconsin. State Republicans have charged the Democrats with being the war party in each election with obvious success. If McCarthy stands out against post-Geneva trends, he will suffer if these trends seem to point toward lowered tensions. Editorial writers and politicians like Sen. Alexander Wiley have warned about the dangers of thinking the Cold War is over. But, logic in foreign policy, as in opposition to McCarthy, is no match for the craving to believe.

Milwaukee, Wis. E. B. RICHARDS

Freda Kirchwey

FREDA KIRCHWEY, who retired last week as editor of *The Nation*, had been a member of the staff of that magazine since 1918, three years after her graduation from Barnard, managing editor since 1922, editor since 1932 and editor and publisher since 1937. These successive titles are an inadequate indication of the degree to which, for more than three decades, *The Nation* was Freda Kirchwey and she was *The Nation*. She worked under difficulties that would have caused most men to give up; there was never enough money, enough help or enough time to do the job as she wanted to do it.

Wearing in quick succession, or sometimes simultaneously, her various hats as editor, author, personnel director and financial agent, she managed never to seem hurried or flustered. Through decades of the stormiest world history, she never lost her absorbed interest in the news of the day or her indignation at stupidity and cruelty as she saw them among persons in power. As is the case with all journals of dissent, *The Nation* under her has had its ups and downs; it is safe to say that the downs would usually have been more so and the ups less so, without her presence. Through it all, her private life has been proof that it is possible to combine a career in journalism with successful activity as wife and mother. This note on her retirement should not have an elegiac sound since one can be sure that she will continue as concerned as ever about the way the world is going.

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Peron! Peron! Peron!

After ten years, destiny has deserted the man who controlled Argentina with the support of the Army, Church and "the shirtless ones."

by Daniel Friedenberg

On Saturday, June 11 of this year, 100,000 fervent Catholics staged a Corpus Christi demonstration in the heart of Buenos Aires, directly defying a government ban of President Juan D. Peron. Injuries and arrests resulted. Directly following, on Wednesday, June 15, two of the highest ranking members of the Argentine clergy were picked up by the police without notice and put on a plane leaving for Italy. The next day Pope Pius XII excommunicated all those Argentines who "trampled on the rights of the Church," with Peron himself heading the list, a measure which has only been applied to Communist heads of state in our century. A few hours after the decree was announced by the Vatican, a bloody revolt broke out in Buenos Aires against the regime. First, a wave of fighter planes attacked the Government House. Troops debouching from the Naval Ministry verged on the President's office and were repulsed by the Army and volunteer civilians. Another wave of fighter planes reinforced by light bombers renewed the attack. It was apparent that the Air Force as well as the Navy was involved. Tanks and armored trucks brought up additional defending soldiers. The same night, in a voice deeply charged with emotion, Peron announced that the revolt had been put down by the "marvelous action of the Army." In words that ring curiously to the American mind, he devoted much of his short broadcast to the relation of people and Army at this critical juncture of affairs:

> The Army, during these events, has behaved as it always behaves. Not one man has deserted. . . . With this I achieve one more passionate aim of my life: that our Army should be loved by the people, and our people loved by the Army. Nobody will ever be able to say that a soldier of the Army has shot against his brothers, as nobody will ever be able to say that a chief or officer of the Army is so despicable as to shoot even once against his brothers.
>
> That is why I want, at this time, when we seal the indestructible union between people and Army, that each one of you, brother Argentines, should erect in your heart an altar to this Army, that not only has done its duty but also done it with heroism. . . .

General Peron, in almost ten years of office, had withstood several revolts, but none so serious as that of June 16 and those which have shaken Argentina during this past week. It has now become a common occurrence for readers of the daily press to expect a new outbreak, a new repression, a worsening of the domestic situation in Argentina. And today it is assumed by students of Latin American affairs, that Peron's days are numbered.

For those seriously concerned with what happens to our powerful neighbor in South America, the regime of Juan D. Peron has always presented a puzzling problem. Undoubtedly sharing many of the characteristics of a full-fledged Fascist, the General nevertheless seems to arouse more enthusiasm among the working people than any other segment of Argentine society. A strong military leader who rules by force in the name of nationalism and unity, two classical symbols of the extreme right, Peron is hated by the rich with a ferocity usually reserved for left-wing dictators. And the two most obvious groups backing his power, the Army and the labor unions, have been by tradition violent enemies all through Argentine history. It is no wonder that political commentators continually refer to the "Enigma of Peron."

In attempting to analyze what exactly has occurred in Argentina during the last dozen years, it is necessary to view the rise and success of Juan D. Peron against the whole pattern of Argentine history. Almost any school boy following recent events can parrot the explanation that the regime rested on the support of the Army, the

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Church and what has been called the *descamisados*—the shirtless workers—and that in attacking the Church the dictator at last aroused the people to revolt. Although in certain respects, this judgment is basically true, like most truisms, it serves to conceal as much as it reveals. When the General, in his first broadcast after the failure of the June 16 revolt, spoke so passionately of the "indestructible union" of the Army and people, it was quite obvious that a question existed as to the relation of the two groups. When the revolt broke out mere hours after the Vatican announced the excommunication of Peron, it was equally obvious that such a deep-seated rebellion could not have been planned in a day or even a week. And a regime resting on such ill-assorted elements as the Army, the Church and labor, must indeed have an interesting background.

The Emergence of Central Government

The modern history of Argentina might be said to begin with the election of Bartolomé Mitre as president of the republic in 1862, since it was during his electoral period that immigration was first encouraged. Hitherto, the country had been racked by civil wars and disorders caused by *caudillos* or local chieftans, each with his own army of adherents and mercenaries. With the advent of Mitre, an unusually intelligent and cultured man, a compromise was effected between the interests of the *pampa* or interior and the larger coastal cities which permitted the setting up of a working federal government.

For over 50 years the successors of Mitre, banded together in what became known as the Conservative Party, ruled Argentine politics. This party was the political face of the *estancia* or large ranch owners, a small and incredibly rich group who passed the election down from one to another by means of fraud and coercion. It was the epoch of enormous expansion. Unrestricted immigration, which meant cheap labor, was the key to the development of the rich *pampa* at a time when the industrialization of Western Europe required ever larger imports of food stuffs. The men who controlled the Conservative Party, in some ways similar to the idealized picture of our Southern plantation owners prior to the Civil War, were an aristocratic and cultured group. Now called the *oligarquia*, they were the great landowning descendants of the original Creole settlers and represented the colonial tradition and mentality of Spain tempered by nineteenth century French liberalism. Though Catholic and staunch supporters of the unity of Church and State, they initiated legislation granting civil marriage and control of education by the secular authorities. Politically they evinced a restrictive attitude toward democracy and free elections, based on fear of the growing immigrant wave. Their children were usually sent to Paris for higher education, where their gracious manners, good looks and prodigality combined to create a myth of the Argentine sportsman-playboy which is reflected in many *fin de siècle* European novels.

It was however the economic policies of this group which led to most of the trouble in Argentina today. Strongly influenced by the *laissez faire* doctrine in its earliest and most predatory form, the *oligarquia* applied the theory indiscriminately to their own backward economy. The prosperity of the larger *estancias* depended on cheap labor for the export of beef and cereals, and British capital was lured on the most extravagant terms to build railroads in order to ship the immigrant mass inland. The beef barons were anxious to earn English pounds and spend them in Paris, not to create basic industry and a home market: in fact, the development of hard goods industries which might compete with the foreign imports necessary to pay for their agricultural goods was alien to their self-interest. The effect of this concentration on export and lack of interest and contempt for industrial technology resulted in a neglect of capital investment outside of the ranches proper.

Foreign capital, eagerly encouraged, rushed to fill the gap; and it was not long before the meat packing industry fell under foreign control, was financed by foreign banks, delivered to the coast on railroads owned and operated by foreign investors and shipped in foreign holds. As a consequence, not only did the entire economy oscillate to stock market movements in European capitals, and in particular England, but the most enormous pressure was exerted by foreign interests to "contain" Argentine politics and keep them under the vassalage of the *estancia* owners. The country began to resemble a South American Ireland. Furthermore, as industry developed it too became dependent on the products of the *pampa* and thus indirectly on foreign capital: instead of exploiting the country's basic mineral resources, it limited itself to processing the foodstuffs for export consumption. Even today, after recent attempts to reverse the process, more than 90 percent of Argentine total exports are still animal or agricultural products.

A reaction against the narrow policy of the Conservative Party was inevitable. At the time of the presidency of Mitre, Argentina had a population of less than 2 million, but due to the successive and constantly accelerating waves of immigration, the number steadily rose. By 1895 the population doubled, in 1914 it stood close to 8 million and the census of 1930 indicated nearly 11.5 million citizens. The new immigrant mass, stemming almost exclusively from Italy and Spain, settled in Buenos Aires and the other large cities near the coast. Radical and anarchist by tradition, it reacted violently against the oligarchic hold on politics. The second generation soon became strongly nationalistic, more national in feeling than the old-rooted aristocracy whose ideal was France and cosmopolitan culture. A new middle class began to be formed from the immigrant group which yearned to break the social monopoly of the aristo-

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crats. And the spread of revolutionary economic doctrines made the working-class leaders realize that unlimited immigration led to a cheapening of the cost of labor and their consequent impotence in the struggle for power against the *oligarquia.*

The result of all these pressures was the creation of the Radical Party, an amorphous mass of the urban middle-class, workers, professionals and a leaven of idealistic aristocrats. The cement that united all the members of the Radical Party was hatred, hatred of the *oligarquia* which through bribery and fraud controlled the political life of the country. Beyond this, its economic policy was incoherent, extending from the extreme left to mild goody-goodyism and even including a wing of religious Catholics who objected to the worldly skepticism of the aristocrats and their tolerant approach to religious questions.

The Radical Party, which resembled a national plebiscite more than an opposition party, swept to power in 1916 in the first election by secret ballot in the history of Argentina. The first Radical President, Hipolito Irigoyen, a figure very similar to Teddy Roosevelt in many respects, retained an emotional hold on the immigrant masses by his fanatic hate of the *oligarquia.* But the inner conflicts of the Radical Party were too extreme for any individual to resolve. A catch-as-can basket for all the elements opposing the Conservatives, the Radical Party was incapable by its very diffuse nature of uniting under the responsibility of power. Essentially a revolt on the part of the new immigrant middle class against the old aristocracy, the leadership considered its task well done after victory at the polls.

Closed off from the real movement in the country, the Radical chiefs saw the Argentine as a reflection of themselves: the middle class supplanting the aristocracy. But the facts were different. Though politically beaten, the economic power of the *oligarquia* was untouched. The large ranch owners still dominated the country and by process of marriage had assimilated the newly-rich city industrialists. More than 50 percent of the population could be classed as peons barely grubbing a subsistence as sharecroppers on the feudal estates. The lot of the city workers was unchanged and the bloodiest labor suppression in the history of Argentina, when armed thugs hired by employers co-operated with the Army to break a strike of the metal workers, actually occurred during the administration of Irigoyen. The middle class was a small isolated fraction which had acquired neither a dominant economic role in the country nor a stable political hold on the electorate. Blindly adhering to their own delusion, the Radicals—unlike the Democratic Party in the United States which absorbed the vitality of the Populists and organized labor—refused to broaden their social program. While earning the undying hatred of the *estancia* owners who, influenced by the example of Mussolini, turned to a nationalist and fascist program, the Radicals alienated themselves from the growing might of the syndicalist groups and the intelligentsia.

Already in the first term of Irigoyen, the shift toward extremes was apparent. The more rightist elements of the Conservative Party still held strength in several of the backward provinces, the left-wing Democratic Progressive Party was making headway in Santa Fe, and the federal capital of Buenos Aires had begun to fall to the Socialists. For the incoherent masses who had formerly supported the Radicals were seeking an economic solution, not a mere new set of names on the ballot box. And to make matters worse for the Radicals, corruption began to appear in the small ruling elite of the party. Lost in the welter of violent dogma and slander, the Argentine people were being prepared for the arrival of a Leader who would satisfy their aspirations outside of the "betrayals" of constitutional structure.

The re-election of Irigoyen as an old man only twelve years after the crushing first victory of the Radicals, instead of healing their desperate cause, proved to be the end of the party. Befuddled and senile, Irigoyen relied on his ancient comrades, who milked the public treasury till scandals resounded from one end of the country to the other. In 1930 the Army, the conscious tool of the *estancia* owners who had lost all hope of a return to power through the ballot, revolted and swept away the Radical government.

The Generals Take Command

The Army in Argentina had always been an ally of the aristocracy. In the days preceding wholesale immigration, the landowning gentry had followed a wise policy of granting tracts up to 50,000 acres of rich *pampa* soil to retiring officers, thus assuring a community of class interest. Although the officers of more recent years derived from the middle class rather than the *oligarquia,* they were of that more settled segment of old Argentines who felt an admiration rather than a hostility toward the ruling minority, a yearning which often translated itself into an avid desire for social prestige and brilliant marriages. The rise of Mussolini and thence Hitler cast a powerful attraction on this group, and the hiring of a German military mission, which trained the officer caste continually from 1912 to the outbreak of World War II, accentuated its natural authoritarian and Germanophile inclination. The high state of tension between the old Creole aristocracy and the new immigrant mass was a perfect seeding ground for Army intrigues. As long as President Irigoyen had been supported by a strong popular swell, the Army hesitated to inject itself into politics, but the revelations of corruption and scandal in his second period of office had at last presented the golden chance. With the revolt of the Army in 1930, the hollow edifice that had been called democracy collapsed.

The history of Argentina since 1930 might well be

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called the Age of Generals. The basic forces in society were so splintered no element could forge a program sufficiently appealing to rally the country. The old aristocracy, which had sold its liberal heritage before the turn of the century in fear of the new immigrants, was a tiny minority living in terror of a truly popular movement. The middle class, lost in the collapse of the Radical Party, sheltered in alternate apathy and disgust behind the mantle of the military. And the workers, who had come to consider the Socialist Party a debating society for intellectuals and artists, gave up all hope of a constitutional group to right their precarious lot. It was only the Army, the one obvious force which could maintain its will by naked power, that gave a political façade to Argentine society.

The "cleanup" General, José Félix Uriburu, who led the revolt of 1930, was so inept he was shortly replaced by another General, Augustin P. Justo, who didn't take long in showing that if popularly elected candidates have their weaknesses, there are things far worse. By 1938 affairs of state had declined to such a point, the Army and its oligarchic managers were fearful of a counter revolution.

In an attempt to put down the unrest of the people, a decent candidate by the name of Roberto M. Ortiz was allowed to campaign as the Conservative emblem bearer. But Ortiz, though elected by obvious fraud, showed himself too responsive to the needs of the electorate and, under the pretext of illness, was discarded in favor of the Vice-President, Ramon S. Castillo, an open pro-Fascist. Events in Europe were beginning to throw long shadows on the Argentine shore. The handwriting on the wall showed only too clearly that the Nazi period was reaching its end. Castillo's graft-ridden and muddy regime was a handicap for the more intelligent Nationalists, who viewed with dismay the tumult of the pro-Ally masses and the large supplies of United States Lend-Lease arms which were building up the military power of Brazil. Besides, 1943 was an election year and a newly formed Popular Front of the Radicals, Progressive Democrats and Socialists made the group of young Colonels running the show fearful they might lose control. June of 1943 ushered in a series of internal revolutions. Like Rome after the disappearance of the last blood-line Caesar, the Army, now conscious of its ability to make and unmake presidents, strove to create its own basis for state authority. As the Roman Generals Galba, Otho and Vitellius rose and fell in a very brief period, so the Argentine Generals Rawson, Ramirez and Farrell waxed and waned to the beat of subterranean conflicts. And again, as the Roman Vespasian finally sensed the peculiar combination necessary to achieve lasting power, so a new and hitherto unknown Argentine grasped the essential currents in society and put them to his megalomaniac uses.

Juan Domingo Peron, a person of rather obscure middle-class origin whose ne'er-do-well father had floated all his life in petty jobs on the rich *estancias*, had been put through military school by an uncle who early sensed the intelligence of the boy. Proud, charming, ruthless and amoral, Peron rose rapidly in his Army career. But the way to the topmost summit was closed for the sons of poor men unconnected by marriage to the ranch barons who dominated Argentine society.

In the normal scheme of things Peron would have remained all his life a discontented Colonel. The wide social unrest in Argentina during the late '30s, however, offered striking opportunities for upstarts of cunning and rapacity. The mistake of the other ambitious Generals had been their limited insight into the political situation; blinded by the obvious, they thought the key to power lay in currying favor with the old guard Conservatives. But the very restless sense of discontent with his own lot gave Peron a shrewder understanding. For, synonymous with the fall of the Radical Party in 1930, a mighty phalanx called the General Confederation of Labor had emerged from the welter of separate unions. This labor giant had broadened and strengthened in the subsequent years of political turmoil. Though attached in theory to the socialist and anarchist opposition, the Confederation was in reality an unwieldly monster of discontented men who would throw their support to any who could bring about improved conditions of living. And on the implications of this insight Peron staked his political career. Well known among his fellow officers, he felt certain of their attachment once he approached the highest echelon. A self-confessed Fascist (sent to Italy to study Il Duce's military strategy in the late '30s, he had formed a passionate idolatry for the Italian dictator, even calling him "the greatest man who ever lived"), he was sure of the sympathy of the most conservative elements. What he now needed was a method to insinuate himself into the hearts of the working people.

Savior of the Working Class

Taking Mussolini as his star, Peron seriously entered politics. His rise was meteoric. Breasting the intrigues of the fateful year of 1943, he was appointed Chief of Staff of the Army to General Rawson, outwitted his leading competitors under General Ramirez and soon became the actual force behind General Farrell. It was in the latter days of General Ramirez when he achieved the master stroke which led him to supreme power. For it was at this time that, at last putting his insight on the nature of the Argentine working class dissension into use, Peron brought into being a new special Secretariat which was charged to administer all welfare and labor problems.

The new Secretary of Labor and Welfare was a phenomenon the likes of which Argentina had never

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:en before. It seemed like the sluices of the twentieth entury with one violent jolt opened wide, sweeping away the conservative interests as though flotsam. In the name of nationalism, with the words "country," "sacrifice," "duty" and "glory," all the phrases the Conservatives mouthed for their own purposes, Peron instituted social reforms in brief months that forever changed the political history of his land. Although Irigoyen in his first term had passed some legislation ameliorating the lot of the most needy—employers' liability for injured workmen, restrictions of Sunday labor and some control over the sweat shops—the condition of the average worker in Argentina was pitiful. With one fell swoop this was changed. A mighty torrent of decrees poured out: salaries were automatically raised 15 to 20 percent; minimum wage laws were passed for the first time in the history of the country; paid vacations were instituted and resort homes set up for working-class people; employees could not be fired without receiving a dismissal pay amounting to several months income; and, most of all, the Peron Secretariat, in reality biased against the employer, was charged to enforce the rent and price controls formerly enacted but not operative, as well as the new edicts.

An electric impulse swept the country. Almost as one man, the entire working population hailed its savior. Forgotten were the Socialists, the Progressive Democrats, the Anarchists and the newly formed Communist groups; obliterated were the Radicals. "*Peron, Peron, Peron*" was the chant on the streets as the workers left their jobs —receiving mandatory pay for political "strikes" in accordance with one of the new decrees—to scream their approval. And a new sound entered. "*Viva Evita*": Eva Duarte, the colorful mistress of Peron and his future wife, a woman who hated the ruling class with a fury so deadly that no measure was too rapid to ensure its demise.

Peron Bids for Supreme Power

The regime of General Farrell was shaken to its roots. Behind the scene pressures began to be exerted. The Navy, whose leadership had largely remained faithful to the fallen Radicals, the aristocrats and the dissident politicians demanded that the Army demagogue be removed. The pressure became increasingly heavy. And one early morning a police van pulled up. Colonel Peron was removed from Buenos Aires and taken in seclusion to a special island reserved for political prisoners.

But succeeding events showed that Argentina had turned a decisive corner. Only eight days after his arrest, on October 17, 1945, Peron, even uncertain himself what awaited, requested leave to go to Buenos Aires on the pretense of sickness—and returned to a scene of pandemonium that has made the date immortal in Latin America. For Eva Duarte, in co-operation with Cipriano Reyes, head of the Packing House union, a left-wing leader who had come to idolize Peron, organized a demonstration which in terms of genuine feeling dwarfed the so-called Mussolini march on Rome. Out from the slums, the suburbs, the back streets poured a mass of humanity which had never before been seen on the fashionable avenues of Buenos Aires; the people, the ugly and poor and common people who lived in obscurity, rose up and invaded the city cursing and defying the powers that be to oppose them. For the first time in the history of Argentina the rule of State momentarily shifted into the hand of the *descamisados,* the shirtless workers. And the Army split in factions, the Conservatives, paralyzed by fear, dared not make a move. Dictatorship came that day, though the legal fandango of a concerted Radical, Socialist, Communist and Conservative opposition tried to oppose Peron at the next election the following year.

It would be a mistake to assume that the support on the part of the working class had brought into existence a left-wing dictatorship. Peron was not left-wing; he was not center; he was not even right-wing but purely and simply *Peronista.* Any means to seize power was good and Peron had merely used the violent social discontent as a tool to attain his objectives. The sincere left-wingers who had contributed to his rise in power, like Cipriano Reyes, soon learned the bitter truth in prison cells. But it was the relation of Peron to the Catholic Church which most clearly revealed this fact.

The Church has a less important place in the structure of Argentine society than most Americans realize. The great landowning Creoles who controlled the country during the 1800's, in their reaction against Spanish autocracy, had become strongly influenced by French liberalism. The Church was on the defense for most of the nineteenth century, a tendency which reached its climax in 1884, when secular education was established by law and the Apostolic Delegate, who violently dissented, had been handed his passport and given 24 hours to leave the country. In fact, the religious liberalism of the old aristocratic group had been one of the factors that contributed to the rise of the Radical Party. Although Argentina is considered a Catholic country and both the President and Vice-President must by law be communicants of that religion, lay education, civil marriage and purely municipal cemeteries have long been established. The masses are notoriously indifferent in religious matters and Buenos Aires, with a population of 3.5 million people, has no more Catholic churches than Philadelphia, a predominantly Protestant city of smaller size. It is even claimed by authorities versed in the subject that the influence of the Catholic Church over the lives of the people is less persuasive in Argentina than the United States.

But the Church had never reconciled itself to such a passive role in the Argentine state. *Per se* neither Fascist

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nor feudal, it was concerned with regaining its position as educator of the young. Disappointed by the Radical Party as it had been before by the Conservatives, the Church felt equally shorn of its historic function under the rule of the middle class and the aristocracy. State subsidies of the ecclesiasta, control of education, official and exclusive recognition of the State religion: these were its avowed objectives and, in search of these, it would support any individual or party regardless of other programmatic content.

Juan D. Peron, though personally indifferent and even hostile to the Church before his rise to power, clearly saw the possibilities in such a situation. He had a direct model in the conduct of his idol, Benito Mussolini. The Italian dictator in his early Fascist days was not only violently anti-Christian but an acknowledged Nietzschean and writer of anti-clerical novels. Yet, most revealingly, when the Fascists clashed with the first Christian Democratic movement, which had been organized in 1919 by Don Sturzo, a Catholic priest, the Vatican withdrew its support of the Catholic party. After the Fascists attained power, years of secret conferences between Mussolini and the Vatican resulted in the Lateran Accord of 1929. By the terms of this agreement, the Church retained its right to exercise "moral and spiritual power" over the people and the Roman Catholic religion became "the sole religion of the state." Religious instruction was handed over to the Catholic clergy in the public schools and the Church in return gave full recognition to the temporal power of the Italian Fascist government. The Italian Catholic Action Society further agreed, in exchange for its control over public morality and the family, to refrain from politics and not conflict with the Fascist youth organizations. As long as Il Duce lived, the terms of this Accord were never breached.

An "Argentine Lateran Accord" was what Peron sought. He desperately needed the strength of the Church. The Conservatives, large segments of the middle class and the intelligent left-wing leaders bitterly opposed him. Almost the entire leadership of the Navy and certain cadres of the Army were uneasy under his rule. The only group of which he could be certain, outside his personal following in the Army, was the fickle mob, the *descamisados* who might be swayed by a turn to the worse in social conditions. If he could add the power of the Church to his cause, he would be able to split the opposition of the wealthier people.

Thus the strange spectacle arose that a man who during most of his mature life had evinced contempt for priests, now became their strongest ally. The first steps were taken while Ramirez was still President and Peron head of the Junta actually running the government. By quick steps the clock was turned back to the days preceding 1884. Catholic instruction was reintroduced in all state schools and church subsidies greatly increased. Prominent Catholic leaders were given posts of importance. And the final payoff was made in 1949 when the Peron-tailored new Constitution reaffirmed government adherence to the Catholic faith.

Variation on a Classical Pattern

The triumvirate underpinning the power of Peron was complete—with an odd variant. Right-wing dictatorship traditionally rests on a coalition of Army, Church and the moneyed interests, either bankers and industrialists in the more advanced countries or the landed aristocracy in agricultural lands. The technique of gaining power is to whip up support among a section of the workers by attacking "plutocracy" while, at the same time, being in secret agreement with key elements of vested interest. Then, when power is attained, the liberal, Socialist and Communist leaders are broken, puppet labor leaders installed and the mass is left supine or held in grip by demagogic formulas.

In the case of Peron, the pattern started in classic order, but certain differences soon became apparent. For, though indeed the genuine labor leaders were discarded in favor of hack *Peronistas*, the social advances of the early years were sustained. Even though the General Confederation of Labor was converted into the most servile tool of political tyranny, security of employment, lump-sum indemnity on discharge, higher wages and paid vacations became permanent facets of the Argentine economy. A moral dignity was given to the voice of the workers by Peron's constant appeal to their support. And if inflation did soon eat into the real gains, inflation incurred in the surrounding Latin American countries was far more brutal. The continued support of the working class and the continued opposition of the *oligarquia* might be considered the final criterion.

It is for this reason that certain sincere liberals have a divided opinion as to the long-term significance of the regime. Whether the *estancia* owners refused to accept Peron or the influence of Eva Duarte prevented him from embracing what should have been his natural allies, it was soon apparent that the third element of the triumvirate supporting the dictator was not the moneyed interests but rather the mob violence of the urban workers.

For years it seemed that Peron had touched the magic lodestar of success. Discontented officers of the Army and Navy were purged and personal cronies advanced to positions of command. A praetorian guard devoted to the dictator was maintained in Buenos Aires. The federal police force went through a period of great enlargement. The judiciary system was made subordinate to executive fiat. The Socialist and Communist Parties were carefully circumscribed and the Radicals forbidden all outlet to propagandize. The reorganization of all labor unions was completed, the free press broken. And the allegiance of the Church weakened the natural opposition

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High school students march for Peron

of the upper and middle classes, particularly among the women.

Growing Economic Discontent

The real enemy of Peron, however, was one that no tricky reorganization of political forces could exercise. It was basic economics. This fact was masked by the extraordinary value of Argentine food stuffs in the world market from 1943 to 1949 when, due to war and post-war needs, the country was so rich it could afford an considerable number of social experiments without damage. But the key dilemma facing the incredibly fertile agricultural land of Argentina all through its history has been the unresolved conflict between city and country. The hinterland is dominated by a landowning aristocracy concerned with upholding an agrarian system based on the export of beef and cereals. This "two crop economy," similar to the cotton economy of our South a century ago, depends on cheap labor to undersell the more mechanized acreage of Canada, Australia and the United States in the world market. The whole structure of life on the *pampa* rests on peonage and the migratory worker. But the progressive immigrant mass of Buenos Aires and the other littoral cities can only evolve through an expanding industrial economy of high wages and mass production. The root of the equation is power, electric power which would hasten mechanization of industry and raise the low productivity of labor. This, however, the *estancia* owners resist because high wages would siphon labor from the large estates and high industrial productivity would threaten the import market by which the foreign nations make up the balance of exchange. In an ideal world, given the natural resources of Argentina, the tension could have been transcended by creating a "super Denmark," a state devoted to the fullest mechanization of its agrarian economy for the export trade. The only practical way for Argentina to resolve forever the paralyzing antagonism would be to smash the estate system by forcibly dividing the land.

This Peron could not do without offending a large section of the officer class in the Army. He could force the *estancia* owners to provide breakfasts to migrant labor of *mate* or coffee with cheese, he could hand out to the urban workers a mess of social security porridge, but all this in actuality was security at fixed wages in an inflationary economy. For, dominated by lust of power and not sound economic theory, demagoguery and not ideas, the dictator was moved on a flood of events rather than dominating them. By temperament and training, he was incapable of transforming the revolt he initiated into a true social revolution. All available statistics indicate that there has been no redistribution of wealth in Argentina and that the relative position of the upper 10 percent is unchanged. Peron could not touch the status quo and though the aristocratic lords of the land might writhe with hate at the mention of his name, the real root of their basic wealth was untouched.

Juan D. Peron's troubles can thus be historically dated from the end of the reconstruction period after World War II, when world food prices began to fall. As the devastated areas came back into production, the desperate need for Argentine beef and cereals declined. And then the cost of the General's experiment became evident.

When Peron came to power, there was a large surplus in the national treasury. This he proceeded to use up. A totalitarian regime must maintain many essentially non-productive cost items. The Army was greatly enlarged and the state bureaucracy swollen beyond measure. The puppet syndicates controlling labor, an enhanced police force and internal security machine all added to the load. Peronist front organs for youth and workers were supported by the state. An additional flock of office employees, petty white collar jobs given to friends of friends and party hacks, were a derivative expense which could not be eliminated because of their institutional interest in the perpetuation of the regime. Graft and embezzlement of public funds were natural concomitants of a system where mediocrity was deliberately courted in order to avoid the rise of powerful contenders. Public fiestas, grandiose parades, church subsidies, uneconomic attempts to exploit marginal mineral resources, drained more and more of state income. The railroads, gas, electricity and the telephone system were nationalized at tremendous cost and run in slipshod manner. And business, which only under the extreme penalty of confiscation assented to the added cost of social services—often directly subsidized by the government—showed signs of faltering. In a short time Argentina became a nation with one of the highest tax rates in the world.

The General was in a quandary. His much-touted industrialization had only been turned to the production of items as airplanes and refrigerators, luxury or military goods which might excite the public mind but had no effect on the basic problem. The increasingly larger share of private income turned to government use was forcing him to take steps which, no matter what direction, would be unpopular. He could not materially undo

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the social benefits else he lose support among the working masses. But neither could he attack the basic wealth of the *oligarquia*, the whipping horse he used to excite the poor but which he didn't dare to destroy. Slogans such as "Sacrifice For the Fatherland" were useless on the skeptic and highly civilized middle class. And the Argentine people were of such mixed origin, they could not be aroused by Franco-like *Hispanidad* appeals or Teutonic trumpetings of Blood and Destiny.

It was at this period that Peron seriously considered foreign aggrandizement as a method to divert the Argentines from the coming crisis. Chile and Bolivia were particularly fascinated by *Justicialismo* or what Father Coughlin called Social Justice, the nearest Peron came to inventing a successful Fascist myth. The peculiar combination of military and labor force behind his administration seemed a wholesome solution to many Latin Americans. A Pan-American bloc, in the name of a "Third Position" to counter the weight of the United States, controlled and dominated by Argentina, would excite all the *anti-yanqui* sentiments in the Latin American heart. Peru was going through her own home-brew Peronism and would probably co-operate; Colombia, further north, was a sympathetic ally.

But unfortunately for Peron, the centrifugal forces in the squabbling South American countries had more strength than the desire to form a common anti-Yankee front. Each small tyrant was more concerned with his own prerogatives than the augmenting of Argentine power. Then, the American fingers in Bolivian tin and Chilean copper drew a long way . . . and Peron did not dare to do by force what he hoped might be accomplished through wile.

The last bitter hope that remained was the encouragement of foreign investment. And here the wheel made full swing. Peron had always been an enemy of foreign capital and with good reason, for the Argentine people dreaded before all else what they considered American imperialism. It was the encouragement of English investment that, more than any other popular factor, led to the fall of the Conservative Party at the beginning of the century. The Argentine masses were well aware that the intent of the Radical Party to nationalize foreign oil interests had swelled the coffers of the revolutionary group that overthrew Irigoyen in 1930. But Peron had no choice left. In retaliation against the blocking of American dollars, the Export-Import Bank refused to grant credits. And the dictator, who had strangled his own economy by excessive taxation and non-productive expenditures, needed foreign currency or he would starve. The consequence was a secret accord by which Peron agreed to release blocked currency and permit risk capital to enter Argentina, in return for advancement of foreign credit.

No such agreement, however, can be kept secret for long and the General, who at the outset of his regime declared that he would cut off his arm before permitting American capital to enter his country, soon was labeled, in the sly expression of the opposition, a *Venus de Milo*: one arm went to Henry J. Kaiser and the other to the Standard Oil Company of California. Not a single act in his entire career had been more unpopular and even today the Standard Oil deal is still languishing before the legislature because the Peronist Congress dare not hold a quorum sufficient to pass the law for fear of the wrath of the people.

The rising economic discontent with the regime broke out into the open, however, on a completely different level. Of the three legs of the political tripod supporting Peron, that of the Church was the most uncertain. The Army and the labor unions had been so pulverized, it was impossible for malcontents to do much damage. But the Church, with an independent organization of its own, had entered the coalition as a co-operative partner rather than a subordinate. The Church was as chary of being absorbed as Peron was anxious to break its independence.

The very existence of a separate body in the Argentine state was a threat to the dictator. He knew that a focal point of possible opposition, like the proverbial snow ball, would gather weight in free movement. And his political instinct told him that stormy days threatened.

As to who precipitated the split between Juan D. Peron and the Catholic Church, only history will judge. Certainly, provocation existed on both sides. A small liberal minority of Catholic clerics had always opposed the dictator on the grounds that the Church was being compromised by its close identity with a fascist form of government. This group came more and more to the fore as the economic difficulties of the regime created public discontent. There were hints that the Church was interested in forming a Christian syndical movement to oppose the General Confederation of Labor. The Catholic Youth Workers started to proselytize in the factories. Catholic Action indicated sympathy for the nuclear Christian Democratic group which was trying to form a religious-political movement modeled on the style of those in Western Europe.

Struggle for the Loyalty of Youth

But it was in the field of youth where the outburst first became virulent. Both Peron and the Church knew that control of the country's youth was the key to the future. The University students were openly anti-Peron and only passively Catholic. An attempt was made by both sides to influence the lower or secondary level. The dictator organized the *Union de Estudiantes Secundarios* (Union of Secondary Students). The Church countered by forming a Union of Catholic Students, but the special inducements at the command of the government made its own organ more attractive.

What may have been the decisive point that changed this underground skirmishing to open warfare was when

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the General turned over the Presidential summer home at Olivos, in the suburbs of Buenos Aires, to the high school girls of the Union of Secondary Students, and started spending much time in their company. A riot of salacious stories soon rocked Argentina. The Church was profoundly alarmed. From their point of view, this was breaking the Gentleman's Agreement. Peron was even going beyond the terms of the Italian Lateran Accord, on which their mutual interest was founded. For, although Mussolini's Fascist youth organizations had been given a green light to organize politically, it was specifically understood that the Church reserved moral and spiritual power over the people. The whole sacred institution of public morality and the family seemed at stake. The Church did not hesitate to state its open disapproval.

Once Peron was aroused he determined to strike back hard and sure. All his old hatred of priests rushed to the fore. He knew that the benefits conferred upon the Church had aroused anti-clerical feelings dormant for almost three-quarters of a century. He was aware that the neighboring states had long gone beyond Argentina in their secular evolution: in Brazil, the church and state had been separated and secular education established as long ago as 1891; in Chile, the same events occurred in 1925; and Uruguay was not only a secular state but had severed diplomatic relations with the Vatican over 30 years ago. He could appeal to the right of free thought and traditional liberalism. And if things were brought to an impasse, he could always release the irreligious *descamisados* to tear and ravage.

In his megalomaniac surety, Peron forgot, however, that the support of the Church was the one element dividing his upper- and middle-class opposition. The vengeful aristocracy and the urban businessmen comprising the Radical leadership were devoid of an issue since the social advances promulgated by the dictator. The *oligarquia* had lost control of the Army. But in attacking the Church, Peron at last gave the opposition a rallying cry stripped of sordid motive in the public eye; he at last created an issue around which his opponents could coalesce. The faltering economic conditions and public shock over concessions to foreign capital did the rest.

The revolution of June 16 was a direct consequence. It failed, at least in its direct immediate purpose, because the Army leadership in Buenos Aires stayed faithful to its master.

The Beginning of the End

But the position of Juan Domingo Peron today is far different than it was on that fateful moment of October 17, 1945. For, whether he falls now or delays his decline by tactical maneuvers, Peron is only sustained by negation, by fear of what might follow rather than hope for a better future. Each Army leader who enters his office, trembles for his skin; each worker who shouts at the interminable rallies, does so only because he dreads that bad may be replaced by worse. And the dictator stays by playing on the mutual terror that is implied in the possibility of a Civil War, threatening the armed forces with a domestic rebellion and cajoling the workers with the thought of what might happen if an unbridled *oligarquia* again returns to reign.

And so the Mortality Tale unfolds to its end. The Leader who rode to power on his promises to the poor, dreads their sullen apathy at the time of crisis. The Leader who reinforced his power by a deal with the Church, quakes at the thought of the double-edged swords he drew forth. The Leader who stayed in power by aid of the Army, sees the martial cloak slipping from his grasp. Peron, the man who studied Mussolini and claimed he knew and would avoid all his mistakes, did not live up to the lesson of the master. For he fell into the two traps of sentiment and arrogance.

The enormous advantage of the dictator over his constitutional rivals lies in his flexibility. Anything that impedes his love for power, such as integrity or consistency, is mere baggage to be dropped. As Napoleon said: "It was by becoming a Catholic that I ended the Vendée War. It was by becoming a Moslem that I established myself in Egypt, by becoming an ultramontane that I gained the priests of Italy. If I governed a nation of Jews, I should re-establish the Temple of Solomon." The mind of the dictator must be divided in watertight compartments; he must discard friends, revise ideology and about-face as the situation requires. The slightest sentimental attachment to ideas will bring ruin. Yet, intoxicated by success and the sycophany of his followers, Peron confused the shadow of power with the substance of those behind it. The historical function of the right-wing dictator is to act as a lackey for the propertied and ecclesiastical elements of society; if, out of sentimental hatred for priests or moral fervor to raise the plight of the masses, he turns against his masters, the dictator has no one else to blame when they conspire to destroy their creation. The Army has guns and the street mob only words; that is the ultimate difference the dictator must respond to. And if, as crisis approaches and the shaken leader threatens to arm the masses, it would be a strange Army indeed which did not, in self preservation, strike before its monopoly of strength were endangered. As the incipient dictator must guard against *public* compromises with the ruling class before attaining power, so must he as strongly guard against a sentimental refusal to make the necessary *private* compromises later. If he mistakes demagogic rhetoric for acts and becomes hypnotized by his own words, it will be for him to accept the consequences.

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Farm Life in the USSR

by Lauren K. Soth

WISHFUL thinkers in the West have been predicting bad economic weather for the Soviet Union because of what they call a "crisis" in agriculture.

But in a five-week, 9,000-mile tour of the major farm regions of the USSR the United States agricultural delegation, of which I was a member, could find no evidence of such a crisis. Here are my main conclusions:

1. Soviet agriculture will continue to produce a nutritionally adequate, though not a rich, diet for the growing Russian population.

2. Farm people of the Soviet Union are not dissatisfied. They are being favored by state policy right now, and there is actually a movement back to the farms.

3. Soviet farming is backward and extremely inefficient in the use of labor. This places a drag on the whole economy and restricts industrial expansion.

4. In farm research and education the USSR trails far behind the United States—a big reason why agriculture is so inefficient.

5. The virgin lands development program is costly, but Russia will get lots of wheat from its new farms in Siberia and Kazakhstan.

6. Dissent, argument and debate are conspicuous by their absence in Russia, even though the chains of Stalinism have been loosened. Real resistance to collectivization has virtually disappeared.

To be sure, the new Communist chieftains are dissatisfied with the performance of agriculture. After 37 years in power, they are still having difficulty trying to fit farms and farmers into the doctrinaire designs drawn up by Lenin and Stalin. They have not been able to do away with private enterprise farming. They are in fact encouraging the cultivation of private plots and the ownership of livestock by individual peasants. For livestock production has been poor, and numbers of cattle still are below the pre-collectivization level in 1928.

Grain production has also been disappointing. Ivan Benediktov, the minister of state farms and one of the leading figures in agricultural affairs today, told us that grain output was about 100 million tons last year. This is only slightly below the record output of about 105 million tons in 1952, but well below established goals.

Grain output has not increased in line with the Soviet Union's fast-growing population. But this does not spell crisis. The Soviet power has at its command the largest area of top-grade land in the world. The soils of the Ukraine, the Kuban area north of the Caucasus and the new lands of Kazakhstan and western Siberia are excellent, fertile prairie soils. It is true that many parts of this territory lack sufficient rainfall. Moreover the growing season is very short everywhere north of Kharkov. And yet, if the Soviet rulers want to put the capital into it, they can grow a great deal of wheat on practically all this land, still more in the southern regions.

The Russian diet today is not a high quality one by US standards. But we saw no signs of hunger or serious food shortage. Bread is plentiful and cheap. And it makes up two-thirds of the calorie content of the Russian diet. Bread lines form at the state bread stores in the cities early in the morning, but that is only because people are buying their daily supply before going to work—and nearly every adult works. Also the service is so slow in the state stores that a queue is inevitable when more than 50 people want to buy at the same time.

Beyond bread, food costs climb steeply. Practically all fresh fruits and vegetables, fresh meat, milk and eggs are available only in uncontrolled free markets. In Moscow, we found that state food stores had some of these items at fixed prices, but in other cities we visited they did not. In the free markets, eggs were selling at about a ruble apiece everywhere we went, meat from 11 to 13 rubles a pound, milk from 3 to 4 rubles a liter. Fat is especially high—straight pork fat 14 to 17 rubles a pound, lard about 18 and butter 18 to 23. The average pay of industrial workers, teachers, doctors, and office workers seems to be around 900 rubles a month or about 30 per day. Thus a pound of meat takes 40 percent of a day's pay.

These are signs of inflation in food prices. But inflation does not mean crisis—at least for the farmers. They are doing relatively well and they may well increase output of livestock and livestock products if present policies for the private sector of agriculture continue. There is nothing like high prices to bring up farm production.

Instead of requisitioning large amounts of meat and milk from farmers and rationing it in state stores, the government is letting farmers sell most of their privately-produced stuff on the free food markets which operate in all cities. This indirectly stimulates the collective production of grain and livestock as well. For farmers on the collectives receive part of their income in the

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An editorial proposal by Lauren K. Soth led to the recent exchange of US and Soviet farm delegations. He is in charge of the editorial page of the Des Moines Register and Tribune.

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form of grain, livestock feed and other products. These products they can use for feeding their own cows and pigs or for re-sale. With a good free market, they are interested in getting as much output from the farm as possible.

It is easy for Americans to underestimate the Soviet grip on power by comparing the dreadfully low Russian living standards with those of America. Take the people living on the Lenin's Route Collective Farm in the Stavropol district near Kuibyshev. Here we found about 750 people living off 10,000 acres of infertile cut-over timber land, with about 8,500 acres of plowland. The village has been there for 300 years, and the peasants live much as they did before collectivization which came in 1930. They live in log cabins of the same general construction as those which stood there three centuries ago. There are no bathrooms, and no running water in the homes. Heat is by wood stove, the traditional stone and plaster Russian stove which takes up a third of one of the three rooms and is also used for cooking. And yet each home and all the farm buildings now have electricity from 17 electric generators using diesel engines, and every cabin has a radio.

THE Lenin's Route Collective owns one small car and seven trucks. It boasts of no private cars although we did see a few on some of the richer collectives. But it has a hospital with five "medical workers," a 7-grade school with 12 teachers and a house of "culture and rest" or community club. It is worked by 285 working members, 95 of whom are men and 190 women—a somewhat higher proportion of women than on most of the farms we saw. Each family has a plot of about two-thirds of an acre, a cow, a couple of pigs and some chickens. Total income from private and collective sources certainly does not average more than $600 a year in equivalent buying power. You don't see many shoes on women or children during the summer, and even on a dress-up occasion, such as the visit of a delegation of Americans, few men wore suits and yet these people are proud of what they have, and they feel they are making progress. They are better off than they were before the war. And bad as their living conditions seemed to us we found them better than those of the masses in the cities, who work in dingy, dirty factories, and who live in overcrowded dwellings without the advantage of their own cows and gardens. In further contrast to the wage earning rural workers of the state farms, the collective farmers seemed more spirited and more interested in their work. And Justice William Douglas, whom we met in Tashkent, told me he had the same feeling.

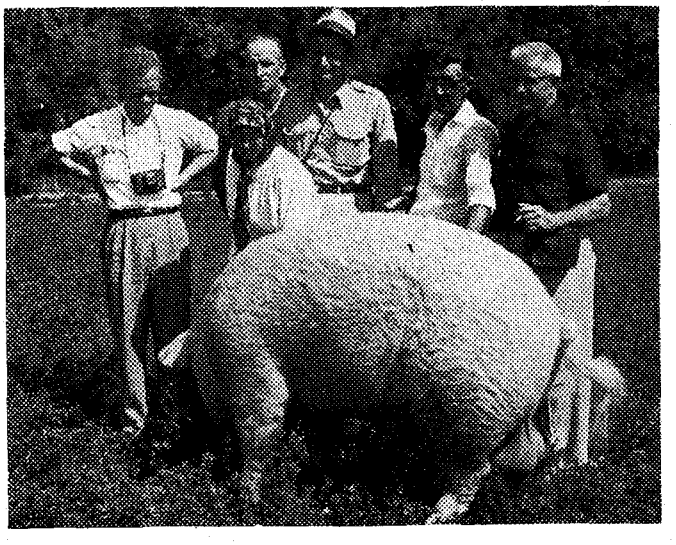
We saw no evidence of discontent in farming areas, no indications of sabotage. Resentment at the Soviet bosses simply does not exist so far as we could tell. People seem happy and enthusiastic about their farm work and homes. And they were obviously relieved at the change in the Moscow line which permitted them to be friendly to Americans. For they were more than friendly and we were amazed at their demonstrations of goodwill. We were deluged with flowers at every stop. We were welcomed with the traditional Russian peasant bread and salt gifts. We were given Uzbek and Kazakh robes and hats, lacquered boxes, wine, lacquered soup spoons and other gifts.

We were of course on a carefully guided tour. We went only where the Soviets wanted us to go; we saw only farms they wanted us to see. This was a cause of some friction between us and our accompanying hosts.

We had been told by Deputy Minister of Agriculture Nikolai Lutsenko before we left Moscow that we could see what we wanted to see, adjusting our schedule as we went along. After the first week in the Ukraine however it became obvious that our time was being fully taken up by scheduled visits to selected collective farms, agricultural research institutes and the local show places. About five hours out of each day were spent in luncheons, dinners and receptions—with vodka, brandy, wine, caviar, meat, soup and all the rest. We would get up at 7 a.m., and rarely go to bed before midnight.

I kept nagging the ministry of agriculture officials for a car and interpreter so I could go where I pleased. I reminded them of Lutsenko's promise and of Prime Minister Bulganin's statement that the US farm delegates should see everything they asked to see. The answer always was the same, "Pazhalsta, pazhalsta (please, please), Mr. Soth, you may see what you want to see." But in five weeks I never did get a car.

Throughout our attempts to free ourselves the Russians remained calm and courteous—except once. That was the day I got a bundle of clippings from my newspaper back home telling about the Russians visiting in Iowa. I hauled these out before our hosts, and the translators had a busy time reading the stories to the Russian officials. That evening I pointed out to Ivan Streltzov,



Iowans inspect Russian boar

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the chief guide of our tour, that the Russians changed their schedule in the US repeatedly, breaking up into small groups and going where they pleased. Then Streltzov lost his mask of amiability. "Mr. Soth," he said fiercely, "I am fully informed on our delegation in your country!" And that was that.

Gale Johnson, professor of economics from Chicago, and I also did our best to break into the Iron Curtain on economic statistics. From the time we reached Odessa, we needled Streltzov about getting basic data on production, prices, distribution and employment. We said it was impossible to fulfill our assignment to report to the Soviet Government on agricultural problems unless we had those fundamental facts which are freely available in our country and most other countries.

I think Streltzov tried. At least he called Moscow many times. But we never got the figures. On our last day in Moscow we presented a report to top agricultural officials and again mentioned the lack of elementary statistical facts. Mr. Benediktov gave us a few general figures out of his head—but nothing more precise than we had had before.

And yet the central truth about Soviet agriculture —which the regime finds so perplexing—is plain to the traveller and cannot be obscured. It takes 40 to 45 percent of the working force of the USSR to feed its population while in the United States 12 percent of the labor force provides us with the richest diet in the world. And unless the Soviet state can advance some part of the way toward US standards of productivity, its goals of industrialization can never be approached.

ONE cause of low productivity in Russia is the wastage of human resources. We saw hundreds of examples of this wastage on our tour. Perhaps the most glaring was the herding of all livestock. There are virtually no livestock fences in the Soviet Union. If the government were to make the necessary investment in fencing (which takes steel), it probably could double the amount of livestock raised without any additional labor. It could permit the girls and old women to decorate their homes and do more sewing instead of spending all day watching cows or sheep.

Today, as a temporary stopgap, Russian farm policy encourages individual ownership of livestock and higher farm income generally. This policy has caused a movement back to the farms. Russia probably is the only industrial country in the world where this trend is taking place. Throughout our tour we asked collective farm chairmen whether they had had an increase in members in the last year. Almost without exception they had. City people have moved back to the country attracted by higher income and better living conditions. Mr. Benediktov said this amounted to a net increase of 1.5 million people in agriculture last year.

From the standpoint of the total economy, this is economic retrogression. But the Soviet leaders have to tolerate it, even encourage it, now in order to get grain and livestock production moving upward. Food output has been almost stagnant while Soviet population (now about 220 million) continues to grow at the rate of 3 million a year.

In the longer run, Khrushchev hopes to solve the farm problem by two dramatic new projects on which he has staked a great deal. These projects are the so-called virgin land development scheme in Kazakhstan and western Siberia and the forced expansion of corn growing to get more livestock feed. These are the kinds of goals that appeal to the Soviet mind. They are big, they lend themselves to vital propaganda of the kind that we saw dramatized in large posters throughout the farming areas.

Our tour convinced us that Khrushchev is not going to accomplish any miracles with these programs. The new lands areas will produce a lot of wheat over a period of years but at high cost. The land and climatic conditions are similar to Alberta and Saskatchewan, Canada. It is good wheat country, made up of vast stretches of fertile, black prairie soil. Some fields on the new state farms we saw are 2.5 miles long. But it is dry and the growing season is short. There will be many years of crop failure when rain doesn't come at the right time or is inadequate. The 1955 crop is a very small one. But in 1954 yields on the relatively small area then seeded were high.

Living conditions are rugged in the new lands—bitter winters and hot, dry, windy summers. Yet the young Komonsol (Communist Party organization for 18 to 26 year old youth) members from the cities, who make up much of the new labor force, seem genuinely enthusiastic about their pioneering adventure. I think the "volunteers" from southern Russia's collective farms must be very homesick, but I could get no chance to interview them freely.

As for the corn program, it, too, has some merit. Russia needs more livestock feed, and corn is the best. The trouble is that the Soviet leaders are trying to grow it everywhere—in many places where the climate simply won't permit corn to be grown. Even in Siberia we saw cornfields. They won't produce any grain at all and very little feed as silage. Grain sorghums or sudan grass probably would produce more feed there, but Khrushchev said *grow corn,* so corn it is.

Corn will do well in Russia only in the southern part of the Ukraine and in the north Caucasus region. I am sure many of the collective chairmen and state farm directors realize this, but they must meet their quota of planted corn acreage. Khrushchev engineered an increase of from 11 to 45 million acres of corn between 1954 and 1955.

Russia could increase farm production more efficiently, in the opinion of the American delegation, by improving practices in the established farming regions, by producing and using more chemical fertilizers, and by letting

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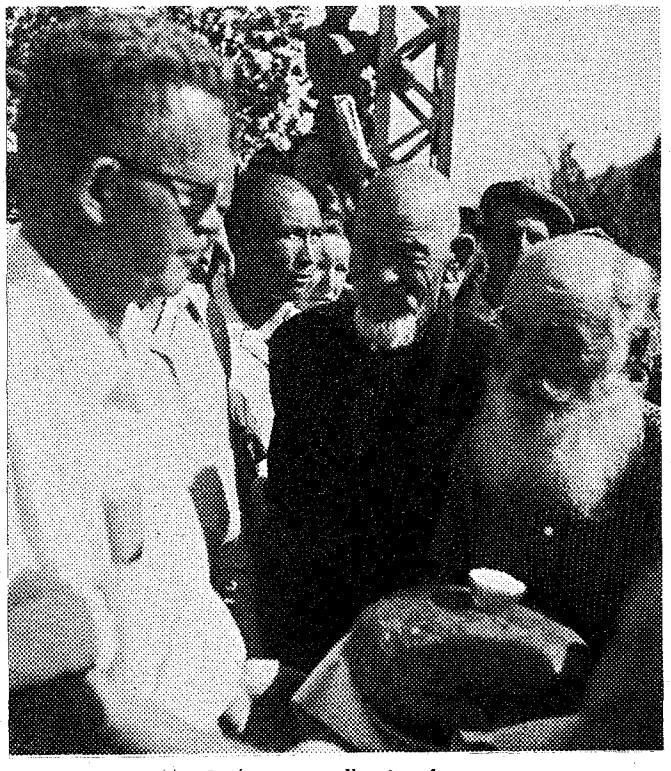
farm chairmen and directors exercise more individual initiative, than by such grandiose national projects as the new lands and the corn-expansion-everywhere drive.

One major and surprising weakness in Soviet agriculture is the lack of adequate research. Soviet agricultural research has lagged far behind that in the United States in the last 5 years. We visited 10 research institutes and agricultural schools. Repeatedly, we found them advocating methods that have been discarded in the US many years ago. T. D. Lysenko's ideas on changing heredity in plants by changing the conditions of growth ("educating the plant to a new regime") have hampered plant breeding. Development of better crop varieties consists almost entirely of selection.

Another example of lagging farm research (and of political management in farming) shows up in the Soviet practice of cultivating corn deeply at least four times. When we questioned the agronomists about this, they said it was necessary to break the capillary action of the soil to prevent excessive loss of moisture. This is an idea that was current in the US 25 years ago. Since then in our country research has shown that cultivation is needed only to control weeds. Excessive cultivation, rather than saving water, tends to dissipate it. So most Corn Belt farmers today cultivate only two or three times. And many of them use chemical weed killers to eliminate one of these cultivations. But Mr. Khrushchev said corn ought to be cultivated at least four times, so they do it.

What appalled me most during this tour was that no one disputed the word from Moscow on farm practices, even though one gained the impression that local men retained their secret doubts. The chairman of one of the farms we visited was a young student of science shipped out to the collective (which in theory elects its own chairman) under the recent order to put better trained people in charge of farms. He faced a dreary outlook for this farm was in a dry area and the crops were poor this year. I could sense his uncertainty and unhappiness. But when I asked him whether he thought he should be growing corn on this farm, he balked at the obvious and honest answer. With a somewhat wry face, he added that he had "volunteered" for his new job, liked it very much and thought it was good experience.



Mr. Soth on a collective farm

I never was able to get anyone in any position in Russia to express a difference in viewpoint with the regime. Everything was going just right: Khrushchev, Bulganin and the rest were following absolutely correct policies. It became a game with me to find just one dissenter about anything. I never found one.

I was well aware that I was permitted only guarded contacts with the Soviet people. Yet I felt that this was George Orwell's "1984" without the outward signs of thought control. The Russian police were unobtrusive. We saw no brutality, no ordering of people around, no military atmosphere such as one associates with totalitarianism. Everyone just seemed to go along with the "correct" line of thinking and speaking.

AMERICANS sometimes delude themselves that this Communist system which they abhor is bound to explode. They don't see how people will put up with poor living conditions and the lack of freedom in Russia. What they forget is that the people know nothing better. They believe they have freedom, that only people in the capitalist countries suffer from exploitation and curbs on their liberty. Remember that no one under 60 remembers anything about life under the czar, and that life then was far from free. In agriculture no one under 45 remembers much about pre-collectivization days; no one under 55 has had any real experience as an independent farmer. A large proportion of the kulaks of the twenties were liquidated. Maybe the system will gradually dissolve into a more liberal society. But as things look to an outside observer today, the machinery of totalitarianism is in sound working order. The people are ready to jump at the command from Moscow —and willing, too. A whole nation seems to have been thoroughly "educated to the regime."

What doubts are expressed, come from within the Soviet regime. Its leaders seem well aware of the penalties of lagging behind the rest of the world. The shortcomings of the police state, and the isolation from the rest of the world which Stalin imposed upon Russia, have deprived the Soviet people of many of the benefits of modern technology. The Soviet leaders know this; they concede that it is a major weakness in their society, and they seem determined to overcome the weakness. This could be a source of hope for the stagnation in Soviet agriculture is undoubtedly a prime reason for the softer line of the Kremlin in international affairs.

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OIL AND POLITICS—V

How To Influence People

by Robert Engler

A PUBLIC-RELATIONS manual of one of the largest oil companies advises as follows:

> Personal contacts are of great importance. It is expected that refinery management and the community relations representative will have a wide personal acquaintance with publishers, editors, reporters and other executives of publications and radio and television stations in the refinery area. The community relations representative is to correlate his personal contacts with those of refinery management and develop good working relationships with editorial writers, city editors, reporters, columnists—"the working press. . . ." Refinery management is responsible for encouraging executives and other employees to take part in civic affairs. . . . Local management determines which are the leading local groups and encourages representation in them.

These generally include youth groups, fund-raising drives, church activities, boards of education, boards of regents, library boards, planning commissions, boards of trade, advertising, fraternal and social clubs. "Social clubs . . . include athletic, city and county clubs where individual memberships enable employees to develop associations and friendships that benefit the company." In the case of company-assigned memberships, "employees who accept appointments to civic or charitable committees should do so with the understanding that the company wants them to become leaders and to earn reputations for getting things done."

Local plant managers are told what kinds of company contributions are permissible and which requests are to be refused. After many pages of careful detail, the manual warns that "managers should avoid giving any impression that decisions regarding local contributions are made at the General Office."

Standard (New Jersey) maintains the most extensive and sophisticated of oil public-relations programs. Memories of Rockefeller, the 1914 Ludlow massacres and even dealings with the Nazis presumably are dim, and certainly they are overshadowed by the genuine community-mindedness of the third generation Rockefellers and recent executives like Frank Abrams. Yet the organization remains vigilant, with public relations an integral part of all activities. In 1951 Standard announced a plan to hire 10 or more college teachers for a year, paying their regular salaries and giving them definite assignments. "We feel that there has long been a need for a bridge between the campus and industry. What we are doing we hope is a modest start toward bridging it. . . . We shall try to choose people for whom we can do the most good and who can do the most good for us." In December, 1954, Standard announced a gift of $450,000 to 138 private colleges. This brought their gifts to American education to a million dollars for the year.

Arthur G. Newmyer and Associates serves as Standard's public-relations consultant in Washington. With the Earl Newsom organization in New York, it is credited with ending much of the official hostility to the company occasioned by the disclosures of Standard's I. G. Farben connections. The firm, which also represents Ford, American Locomotive, Atlas Powder and ASCAP, is careful to make clear it is neither lobbyist nor five percenter. This is a "low-pressure approach to Washington" and the firm keeps away from pending legislation, explained James M. Newmyer. Standard is viewed as too complex for lobbyists.

Public-relations firms generally seek to keep the integrated oil companies out of controversy or from being publicly identified with extreme positions. Specially created organizations or groups like the Chamber of Commerce, which circulated radio scripts for "grass-roots" consumption, were relied on for the public-relations end of "tidelands." Gulf, Standard (Indiana), Socony-Vacuum, Texas, Sun and others have contributed to such "free enterprise" propaganda vehicles as the American Enterprise Association and the Foundation for Economic Education, with the Sun Oil Company probably the most willing to be so identified publicly.

Independent producers without concern for consumer good will can have fewer inhibitions. Thus H. R. Cullen distributes hundreds of thousands of copies of John T. Flynn's diatribe against the welfare state, *The Road Ahead*. H. L. Hunt openly sponsors "Facts Forum" as part of his tax-favored efforts to sell via radio, TV, the press and even paid for letters-to-editors his hatred of welfare measures and support for McCarthyism.

Oil public relations can be mobilized for immediate short run issues as well. And when the stakes are high enough, the fundamental distinction between the primitives and the sophisticates fades as does the mythical line

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between politics and public relations. The story of the defeat in Colorado in 1952 of a constitutional amendment authorizing a severance tax on petroleum, the familiar tax device in most producing states, provides a clear illustration of what lies behind the façade.

There had been considerable feeling in the state that the oil industry, which produced $70 million worth of crude oil in 1951, was not paying its fair share of taxes. Repeatedly frustrated by the lobbying of the industry and the resultant failure of the legislature to act on any severance tax proposals, civic groups mustered more than 40,000 signatures to initiate an amendment on the ballot to allow the voters to decide directly. The Oil Severance Tax Committee was a genuine grass-roots movement, sparked by women's volunteer groups, PTA, teachers, school districts and Farmers Union, Grange and union members. A week before the election the prediction, backed by polls, was that Amendment Number 4, providing for a 5-percent severance tax to be earmarked for school purposes, would win easily.

THE industry, however, had not been idle. Colorado Oil and Gas Industries, Inc., was formed to fight the amendment. This had been created, according to the then president of the Rocky Mountain Oil and Gas Association, "under the guidance of a special committee of our Executive Committee." But literature of Colorado Oil and Gas Industries described it, in very fine print, as "a group of small independent oilmen banded together for the purpose of fighting excessive, discriminatory taxation." The modest identification was understandable since the chief finances were generally assumed to have come from the California Company, the largest producer in the state and a subsidiary of Standard of California. Edward M. Hunter, then publicity director for the Colorado Republican Committee, was hired to handle the publicity.

The first step was the inevitable public-opinion study. In January, 1952, Research Services, Inc., completed a field study of public awareness and voter inclination relating to oil in general and the severance tax:

> At the present time a majority of the voters of Colorado approve a severance tax on oil. Severance tax proponents favor the tax because they think it is a good revenue raiser, the oil industry can afford the tax and under their present thinking *it will not hurt them personally*. . . . Those who disapprove of the levy oppose it on the grounds that taxes are high enough already, the oil industry is taxed enough now, and the tax might *discourage the development of the oil industry in Colorado*. . . . There is every reason to believe that an oil severance-tax measure, if placed before the voters *today*, would pass by a large majority. . . . However, it is apparent that over-all attitudes are not *solidly structured* at this time, being based on lack of information and misinformation. Thus, they are considered flexible and . . . susceptible to certain reforms. . . . Those who have heard of the tax are more inclined to favor its passage. In other words, it appears that pro-severance propaganda has, thus far, had some effect on developing attitudes contrary to oil interests. . . . However, this survey was taken before any real concerted action by the oil industry, and consequently, might be expected to produce this negative finding.

With the weightings to the various answers as a guide, an organization was set up designed to reach every industry, interest group and club in the state. Special effort was made to gain the support of allied industries such as utilities and transportation. A speakers bureau was established and civic groups throughout the state were solicited as to their desire for a speaker whose "presentation will be factual, non-political and informative." The campaign plan even had provision for "G-2 intelligence" to handle "political" matters. Card files were created on the leaders and opinion makers of each community, with notations being made as to occupation, employer, voting preference, position and degree of interest in the campaign, whom they influenced, who influenced them, lodge membership and public activity, and whether they had any personal economic interest in oil.

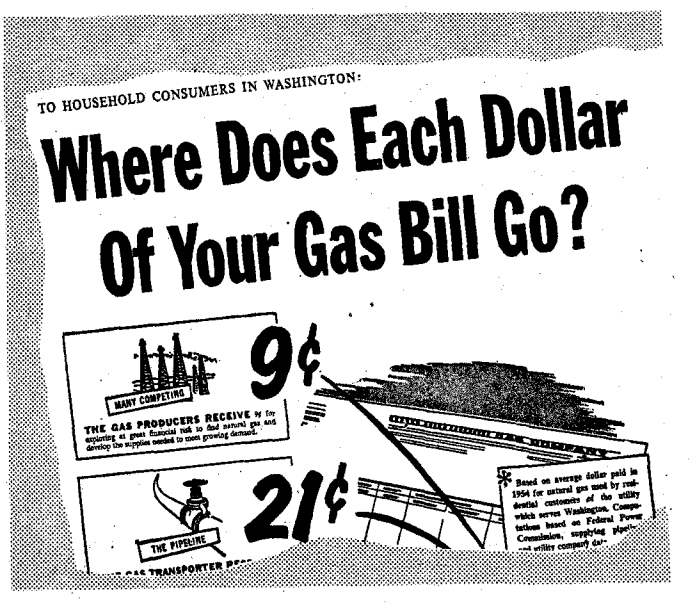
Public-relations specialists from oil companies were loaned to the campaign. Groups like the Colorado Mining Association and the Colorado Motor Carriers helped in the mailing of literature.

In the closing weeks, letters were sent to employees of companies in the Colorado Oil and Gas Industries:

> The proposed severance tax, Amendment No. 4, on the November 4 ballot, is a threat to your future and the future of the entire Colorado oil and gas industry. With your full support, we can defeat this unnecessary and unreasonable tax. Remember you have a personal stake in this ballot.

The letters then told employees how to contact their neighbors, each employee being asked to get 10 voters to pledge a "no" vote.

Ask them to vote no on Amendment No. 4. If they



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indicate they will vote No, fill out one of the enclosed pledge cards. Do not ask them to sign the card. You Fill It Out. Sign your name and the name of your company on the bottom two lines. Return pledge cards and any unused literature to the Desk and Derrick Club representative in your organization. . . .

Billboards, posters, leaflets, stickers, newspaper advertisements, radio programs, animated TV cartoons and hundreds of spot announcements told the oil companies' story. Every Denver bus had a foot-high, black-and-yellow cardboard sign stretched above the front bumper, urging citizens to vote NO. Special pamphlets were addressed to the mining, agricultural, school, business, labor and white-collar groups. Workers in the field were advised: "Please watch all the newspapers in your immediate vicinity for any letters from readers, particularly if such letters are in support of the severance tax. We believe that each such letter should be individually answered and preferably by someone locally. However, the Denver office will go to any pains and take the necessary amount of time to make the individual replies, either under the signature of someone in your area or, if you prefer, by Charles D. Edmonson, president of Colorado Oil and Gas Industries, Inc."

The theme was always the same: "Vote No." "The severance tax is a dangerous tax." "You may be next!" In big ads the farmer was warned that "It Could Happen . . . a severance tax on agricultural products." "Five percent—wheat and sugar beets could be next!" As a further thought, another ad reminded that "Every Farmer is a Potential Oilman." Ranchers were similarly prodded.

In the mining and lumbering areas advertisements appeared showing closed mine doors. "It Could Happen to You! This is a ghost mine. It could be the fate of many mines if the severance method of taxation is ever initiated in our state. The proposed oil and gas severance tax is the FIRST STEP in a program to load ADDITIONAL taxes on *all* natural resources."

Oil workers, farmers and taxpayers were advised that "oil operators may cap their wells in Colorado" and send their drilling crews elsewhere. "You may be next." Parents and educators were informed that oil and education go "forward together," and the "higher oil and gas taxes" would mean "less money for schools."

Perhaps most cynical of all the tactics was the repeatedly published prediction that Colorado's potentially great industry, the production of oil from shale, "will be stopped dead in its tracks if you allow the proposed oil and gas severance tax to become part of our state constitution." Shale deposits on the western slope could yield an estimated 50 to 100 billion barrels of oil. But blocking its development and the experiments at the government's plant at Rifle has been the oil industry which fears what this would do to its control over prices and markets if it is produced and marketed at competitive prices beyond the pale of oil's private government.

An industry survey made shortly before the election found that "voters have become more confused about the issue." And the confusion came to a climax with announcements by Governor Thornton, and then in the very closing days of the campaign by the state board of education that they opposed a severance tax which was earmarked and whose source was an amendment rather than legislation. The latter action was immediately featured in all the oil propaganda. On November 4 the tax was decisively defeated.

Thus ended what an editorial writer for the *Denver Post* called "one of the most misleading campaigns to which Colorado voters have ever been submitted." Estimates as to what oil spent vary from $250,000 to $500,000, although the representative of the Colorado Petroleum Industries Committee of the API thought this was greatly exaggerated.

The *Denver Post* was subjected to great pressure, but it was steadfast in its support of the tax, a welcome contrast to the position of its predecessor owners whose silence had been directly bought in Teapot Dome days. A few days before the election, the *Post* had to remind the industry editorially of the distinction between a free and a kept press. The president of the Rocky Mountain Oil and Gas Association had complained in a speech that, "You'll find page after page of lucrative advertising opposing the severance tax in the *Denver Post* and on the next page there will be an editorial advocating the adoption of the severance tax. The *Post* is biting the hand that feeds it."

But oil bought primarily a postponement. For the legislature subsequently acknowledged the basic public sentiment by adopting a moderate non-earmarked severance tax on a graduated basis, the latter provision softening the opposition of smaller independent producers.

Reviewing his campaign two years later, Hunter said he has concluded that people do not believe newspapers, for they are too dishonest and sensational. "They believe our advertisements. You can have your editorials against me. I'll have the ads and influence people. . . ."

Hunter's work on oil provided Governor Thornton, at odds with the advertising man, with a plausible reason for forcing his resignation as publicity director of the GOP state central committee in the fall of 1952. But in the 1954 election Hunter played a prominent role in the last minute and successful smear attacks of the Republicans against Democratic Senatorial candidate John Carroll—largely financed by out-of-state oil money.

All the talent, experience and resources of the industry are now being employed in a tremendous public-relations campaign to provide the "grass-roots" base for its campaign to abolish federal regulation of natural gas prices. A special nationwide committee has been set up. Working with the oil companies, it is concentrating its energy and millions on the big natural gas consuming states of the East and Midwest. The objective is to prevent the "cancer of federal bureau control" by selling the

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view that natural gas is now competitive and that regulation will harm the consumer by discouraging investment and exploration, cutting supply and raising rates. Only pennies per month are at stake for each housewife, the industry argues. But as Sen. Paul Douglas (D, Ill.) has insisted, exempting the big producers from regulation may cost consumers from $200 to $400 million a year.

The familiar battle cry in all this is that of the threat to the thousands of small independent gas producers. But this is clearly a big oil fight, with seven gas companies producing about a third of the total production involved and a hundred companies producing better than 85 percent. These gas companies are generally affiliates of or indirectly related to the major oil companies, the term independent implying only that the gas companies are separate from the pipeline companies.

"So long as it [gas] operates in the shadow of natural-gas regulation, the petroleum industry, along with other competitive industries as well, is under . . . the threat . . ." of "federal regulation," explained Board Chairman Adams to the Phillips Oil employees. And so, its tears for the little man and free enterprise notwithstanding, oil rejects compromise legislation which would exempt the small and genuinely independent and competitive gas producer from regulation. Keeping bureaucrats from Mrs. America's kitchen range is the public appeal. Keeping Mr. and Mrs. America from exercising any control over the price and power of the industry is the private purpose, with public relations the technique for getting the poorly organized consumer to support—or at least not oppose—a cause inimical to his own welfare.

It would be simple to conclude from these vast and varied public-relations efforts on a note affirming the essential villainy of the oil industry. But oil has a legitimate right to push the worth of its principles as well as its products. And regardless of motives, it is difficult to challenge the contributions of many of its services and leaders, the free distribution of 125 million road maps a year, the support of little theatres, hospitals and universities, the Folger Shakespeare Library, the Rockefeller charities, the sponsoring of the Metropolitan Opera.

THERE is also danger in taking the claims of public-relations people at face value. For example, the effectiveness, let alone willingness, of the local gasoline dealer in talking about the virtues of the competitive oil industry when his customers drive in for a tankful of gas during Oil Progress Week sounds more impressive in a Rockefeller Center office than in a New England filling station. Even the meaningfulness of the much discussed propaganda network of the primitives must be reassessed when one notes, for example, that in Hunt's "Facts Forum" public-opinion polls, 86 percent of the respondents answer affirmatively to the intriguingly worded question, "Should we let the Chinese fight the Reds?"; 83 percent to "Are Communists in the US conniving to promote juvenile delinquency?"; and 71 per-

Forward Together
Forward Together...
Education and industry, toward a better and brighter day for Colorado and its school children. With intelligence and understanding it can be done.
Mineral Rights...
The common schools of Colorado own almost 3½ million acres of land within the state on which the schools
viding the "Magic Key" unlocks the door to these valuable natural resources and converts them into dollars for education—school buildings—well-paid teachers—adequate classroom facilities—proper transportation and all of those things that go toward a higher standard of education for all.
Only the Beginning...
With the surface barely scratched the oil industry is already bringing into the schools of Colorado almost ¾ million dollars annually from
Lower Oil and Gas Taxes...more money for schools
Vote NO ON AMENDMENT NO. 4
Oil and Gas Industries, Inc.—a group of small, independent oil men banded together for the purpose of fighting

cent to "Are both parties being influenced by Communists?"

These public-relations campaigns do pose, however, fundamental problems that go to the essence of democratic performance and survival. The sheer amount of propaganda, the variety of techniques and the great wealth behind them in themselves raise questions as to the opportunity of the American people to hear the fullest range of facts about public issues. One API staff member estimated oil's non-marketing public-relations expenditures at $50 million a year. But it is almost impossible to arrive at conclusive figures; it is far easier to estimate the cost of how oil brings its messages to the public than the cost of preparing what the industry says.

Paralleling this is the all too frequent absence of public opinion or organizational positions to counter any of the points advanced by oil. The essential abdication, if not complicity, of the press is also an important factor. It is an oversimplification to say that "advertising" influences what the media present, yet one cannot but speculate about the correlation between their behavior and the almost daily blanketing of the press with gasoline and institutional ads. (Jersey Standard reported nearly $19 million spent in 1953 for marketing advertising.) Presumably most of the nation's newspapers did not profit directly the way some Texas papers did in a "Remember the Tidelands" crusade by selling to local sponsors full-page mats prepared by the Texas Statewide Tidelands Committee and distributed with the help of the Texas Press Association. Nor are the writers and editors beyond the oil producing regions as directly susceptible to the role of oil in the community power structure. But it is difficult to justify either as responsible or free such items as the widespread action in treating Sen. Wayne Morse's filibuster against the offshore oil bill as a sports

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event while virtually ignoring its very relevant contents; the Associated Press story in 1953 claiming the offshore debate was "blocking consideration of other important legislation" when in fact, as the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* forced the AP to admit, no basic legislation was being held up; the failure of so many papers to carry roll-call summaries on "tidelands" votes; and the playing down of the forced resignation of Republican National Committee Chairman Wesley Roberts because of disclosures about his lobbying activities for such clients as the Cities Service Gas Company.

Equally serious is the frequently deceptive or dishonest character of these public-relations efforts. One wonders as to the full nature of "public relations" when one encounters a public-relations firm keeping full dossiers on the attitudes and behavior of regulatory officials, when one reads Congressional testimony describing state legislators on the payroll of a firm doing public-relations work for an oil company (one of these legislators is now a Congressman), and when a public-relations man is credited with directing a campaign to block the renomination of Leland Olds. The creation of oil "front groups," the utilization and spreading of false concepts such as the reputed threat of federal control of offshore oil to the inland waterways of individual states, and the substitution of slogans for facts, as seen in the repeated usage of "tidelands" to include underwater lands extending far out into the continental shelf, are also disturbing. Oil uses the image of the small independent producer for sympathy as its mining counterparts have used the picture of the lone sourdough with his pickaxe, the utilities have used "widows and orphans" and the giant agricultural industries have used the sturdy family farmer.

Oil claims to be presenting a conservative (but progressive) philosophy for contemporary America. What emerges, however, are essentially slick slogans designed to protect narrow economic interests. The appeals are frequently irrational and frankly tuned in to popular fears. While the primitives tend to play by ear, the more sophisticated branches of the industry employ "motivational research" psychologists to determine exactly what it is people fear and how these fears can be manipulated to evoke the desired attitudes toward oil and free enterprise.

The job of oilmen as "statesmen and architects of a free world," Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby told the API right after the Eisenhower victory, was to use the great battery of modern mass communications "to increase everywhere the number of informed and thinking men and women, and make them active partners with you in your great undertaking. . . . The biggest part of the job before you is to create a receptive atmosphere, a climate where people are ready and willing to believe you. . . . Sincerity and warmth, respect and understanding of the other man's feelings and attitudes, may be as important as the facts themselves. If what you say and what you do causes people to want to understand you, to want to cooperate with you, to feel that you are on their team and they are on your team, then your task will be much easier. Once you have overcome the emotional blocks, you will have no difficulty of convincing people with your facts." Said a public-relations staff man in summarizing the Colorado severance tax campaign: "We got the people so they just automatically voted 'No'."

The cumulative effect of the endless and sugar-coated repetition of a "few plausible facts" contributes to the benumbing of independent critical judgment in a society whose ultimate faith is in the ability of people, given the fullest facts, to reason and make intelligent decisions. The ultimate consequence of this use of fear as a political weapon is the disparagement of the processes of democratic government.

But it is also true that oil chants the litanies about "free enterprise" that main street wants to hear and believe. The American farmer, always a speculator, often does envision himself as a potential oilman. And viewing the natural resources of the nation as a legitimate and unlimited private plunder was not original with oil. It has been an integral if not too flattering part of the American record in the opening up of all our resources including the soil. Stock and lease advertisements constantly hammer away at the theme that you too may be lucky. "Remember—Sid Richardson parlayed just four lonesome $10 bills into a billion and a quarter dollar fortune. . . ." A children's game is called "Be a Texas Millionaire."

Teachers' associations in oil states frequently identify with and lobby for the industry because of the considerable educational appropriations derived from oil. Many universities have major oil holdings or investments. That oil literature and polls are so extensively and uncritically used in schools is again more of a commentary on the education profession than on the industry. In 1953 the Opinion Research Corp. reported most educators approved of their texts: "only a few feel the booklets are biased, and even some of these say they approve of the bias."

The Opinion Research Corporation advises, however, that despite this attitude, "few of them are naïve enough to believe that the petroleum industry is spending the amount of money . . . for completely unselfish reasons. Most of them recognize that this is a public-relations effort, so there is no point in denying that the booklets are designed to teach people the facts about the oil industry in the hope that it will raise their appraisal of it. Obviously, however, there is no need to raise this point unless the teacher does."

The current material expectations from oil of so many in our society and the organized science of mass persuasion combine to obscure the private government of oil. One wonders which groups and which leaders will raise the larger points about the proper climate for a responsible and democratic society.

(The conclusion of this series appears next week.)

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Choice So Freely Made

by Leon Edel

WHEN Henry James wrote *The Portrait of a Lady* in 1880 he placed an imposing canvas of an American woman in the great gallery of the world's fiction. In that gallery were to be found many heroines — Anna Karenina and Elizabeth Bennett, Becky Sharp and Emma Bovary, Camille and Nana — differing characters and temperaments, women who had led quiet or tempestuous lives, a few of them saintly, many of them sinful. To these

RE-ASSESSMENT: 1955

Henry James now added the beautifully painted portrait of Isabel Archer, a twenty-three year old American girl, sturdy, slim, cool, thoughtful, torn not by the passions and adulteries of some of her co-equals but by the question of how to "affront her destiny"—and what that destiny could be. In the preface he wrote for the novel many years later James argued for the originality of Isabel on still other grounds—that he had made her the "center of interest" in the novel. Dickens, or Scott, or Stevenson had never done this for any woman; nor even George Eliot, she who had given us Hetty and Maggy and Gwendolyn; and not even Shakespeare whose Cleopatra has her Antony, whose Juliet has her Romeo, and whose Portia is surrounded by such matters as Antonio and his argosies and Shylock and his pound of flesh. The great heroines were supported by under-plots and comic relief, by "murders and battles and the great mutations of the world." For Isabel Archer, James had invoked no such machinery. She occupied the entire canvas.

Isabel was the first modern American woman to have her picture hung in the great gallery. Henry James saw, with his large grasp of reality, that one of the great questions of the dawning century would be the role of women in the world. He was not concerned so much with the careers they might embrace, or the deeds they might do, as with the question of their new-found freedom—that freedom which he held to be the greatest good in life. America had dictated itself to the creation of such freedom and James asked himself whether a young American girl, endowed with it, would know how to use it and enjoy it. What would happen to a young, intelligent, presumptuous girl—from, say Albany, N. Y.—possessed of a "ridiculously active imagination" who is given the largest possible measure of liberty. And so by this process Henry James came to Isabel Archer.

"I'm very fond of my liberty," she says in the opening pages of the book as she goes forth to find her world, with the clear-eyed innocence which Americans of the last century possessed and which those of ours have not entirely lost. "I don't wish to be a mere sheep in the flock," she says. "I wish to choose my fate and know something of human affairs beyond what other people think it compatible with propriety to tell me."

But can one choose one's fate? Isabel's friend, Henrietta Stackpole, who is already in the vanguard with a career as a newspaperwoman, warns her that "you can't always please yourself; you must sometimes please other people." Isabel, however, is determined to follow the dictates of her imagination and naïve enough to believe that all the choices rest with her. Her ideal of happiness is as romantic as her dreams: "A swift carriage, of a dark night, rattling with four horses over roads that one can't see—that's my idea of happiness." Today James might have substituted a Jaguar, or a jet, as the means of conveyance, but the idea of living, of curiosity, of moving into the unknown—at a good speed—would be the same. Isabel's definition of success is filled with her youthful illusions—"to see some dream of one's youth come true." She wants to know "the things one shouldn't do," and when her aunt wryly asks "So as to do them?" she has a much less conventional answer: "So as to choose."

"O me, the word 'choose'!" Portia exclaims as she speaks of her numerous suitors. Isabel, like Portia, must cope with three who appear rather formidably upon the scene of James' story. James in his preface characterizes Portia in terms similar to Isabel—"the very type and model of the young person, intelligent and presumptuous." And if we place the two side by side we can measure the difference that divides the Venetian lady, hedged by her father's lottery, and without freedom to select her husband, and the American lady of several centuries later who can search the whole world for one. The very rules of the casket lottery make Portia's father the chooser—and from the other side of the grave. One could, of course, defy the parent. Jessica does this in the very same play. Portia, however, accepts the rules of the game. For Isabel there are no rules. Save those she may freely devise herself.

ISABEL is an orphan, freshly come to Europe. Her sickly cousin, Ralph Touchett, to whom life is something of a lottery, arranges that Isabel will inherit, without knowing it, the wealth destined for him. He wants to see what she will do. She becomes, thus, thanks to a sort of fairy godfather, an heiress. The money will open most doors for her, and at first so large a measure of freedom is frightening. Twice in the book James uses Miltonic words to describe the extent of Isabel's freedom—as if she were Eve standing at the portals of Paradise which are closing behind her. "The world lay before her—she could do whatever she chose." And her American suitor, Caspar Goodwood, also tells her "The world's all before us —and the world's very big." Eve, however, was ordered out into the world because she had eaten the forbidden fruit by which she learned of the existence of evil. Isabel has had "no personal acquaintance with wickedness." She is thrust out into the world in a state of innocence. In a sense she is still in Paradise.

The American girl chooses not to marry Caspar Goodwood, a very proper Bostonian, representative of the new industrial middle class in the United

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States. Unlike proper Bostonians, he is a man of strange intensity and of wondrous fixed purpose. To marry him, Isabel feels, would be to surrender freedom to passion:

> . . . it was part of the influence he had upon her that he seemed to deprive her of the sense of freedom. There was a disagreeably strong push, a kind of hardness of presence, in his way of rising before her . . . She might like it or not, but he insisted ever, with his whole weight and force: even in one's usual contact with him one had to reckon with that.

The second suitor is representative of Britain's ruling class. Lord Warburton is an enlightened, thoughtful liberal, even a "radical," committed to the nineteenth century ideals of progress and enlightenment. To marry him, Isabel feels, would involve acceptance of a social order far removed from her own:

> What she felt was that a territorial, a political, a social magnate had conceived the design of drawing her into the system in which he rather invidiously lived and moved. A certain instinct, not imperious, but persuasive, told her to resist—murmured to her that virtually she had a system and an orbit of her own.

Now these are perfectly valid reasons to invoke for turning down two such eligible suitors. There is a strong element of truth in them, and also an element of rationalization. Isabel is acting from deep feelings. She might explain away Lord Warburton in terms of her reluctance to assume the bondage of his social world—bondage enough for any young American woman—but she also fears him as a man, tells herself she "liked him too much to marry him" and then is "frightened at herself." This fear is multiplied many times when she encounters the manhood of Caspar. It is in the final pages of the book that we come upon this revelation, when Caspar, under the great trees at Gardencourt, sweeps Isabel into his arms and gives her the only kiss recorded in the novel. The kiss is "like white lightning" and the flash that lights up Isabel's world makes her understand for the first time what it means to be loved. But when the flash is gone, "when darkness returned she was free." She prefers the darkness of her inner life then to the white illuminating force of passion. It is "each thing in his hard manhood"—Caspar's—that "had least pleased her."

The third suitor possesses neither the "hard manhood" of Caspar nor the nobility of Warburton. Gilbert Osmond is an Italianate American who has lived most of his life abroad. He is a widower with a pretty, convent-bred doll-like daughter named Pansy. Osmond is first seen by Isabel as "a quiet, clever, sensitive, distinguished man" and he has led "a lonely, studious life in a lovely land." He possesses a "care for beauty and perfection." He is the perfect amateur, the devoted dilettante, a connoisseur of life. He is older than the other suitors, but he inspires none of the fear and misgivings they do. A marriage with Osmond, Isabel believes, will make no demands on her, and her fortune will only make life easier for him. There is something almost maternal in this attitude towards him; and there is something paternal in the way in which he believes he will educate her to his high standards of art and life.

Isabel, a Portia who chooses her own casket, discovers soon enough that what she had thought was a flower of civilization is in reality something pressed and dried between the pages of a musty volume. If Osmond is a devoted dilettante, he is also a sterile one, who has "collected" her and her money as he collects his bric-à-brac. Or is it she who with her wealth has "collected" him? She had had a high notion of the aristocratic life they would lead. It would be "the union of great knowledge with great liberty: the knowledge would give one a sense of duty and the liberty a sense of enjoyment." Osmond pretends to belong to an aristocracy of good taste, good sense and high discrimination, but it is "a thing of forms, a conscious calculated attitude." He has pride, and the arrogance of pride. It is the ritual of life, not life itself, that is important to him.

And now Isabel makes a terrible discovery. Shortly after coming abroad she had met, at the home of her aunt, a certain Madame Serena Merle, an American woman, born in Brooklyn, but who has lived long abroad. She represented for Isabel all that a woman of the world should be in her full rich sense of Europe. Yet in the end Isabel discovers that she has been Osmond's mistress and is the mother of Pansy. And her marriage has been the result of a carefully-maneuvered intrigue. Isabel, sitting late into the night before her fire, contemplates her shattered romantic illusions "she who of old had been so free of steps, so desultory, so devious, so much the reverse of the processional." Her cousin, who has watched the débacle, delivers the final word on his death-bed: "You were ground in the very mill of the conventional."

Has Isabel's quest for the high places of freedom been a snare and a delusion? Is there indeed some fate determined beyond the reach even of the freest human beings? Thinking of Madame Merle, Isabel sees how this "bright, strong, definite worldly woman, this incarnation of the practical, the personal, the immediate, was a powerful agent in her destiny." The question of free will and determinism is as firmly placed in *The Portrait of a Lady* as it is in *War and Peace*. But Henry James, unlike Tolstoy, though deeply imbued with a sense of religious passion, has neither a religious nor a post-Darwinian answer to it. For the American novelist there is just life, life infinite in its manifestations and forms, and the reality he could grasp or observe—and describe. Life was good and it was evil; people were innocent, sometimes *bon enfant* and good-natured, or on the other hand, predatory and destructive. Life abhorred rigidities, particularly those which man sought to impose on it. It offered no general rule, only "cases" and these were the stock-in trade of the novelist. The "case" of Isabel was that she was a fine free spirit mated to a rigid confining man. "Under all his culture, his cleverness, his amenity, under his good-nature, his facility, his knowledge of life, his egotism lay hidden like a serpent in a bank of flowers."

Isabel Archer is free to leave him, but this is one freedom she will not take. On the contrary she is prepared to accept the responsibility she assumed when she made her choice: "One must accept one's deeds. I married him before all the world; I was perfectly free; it was impossible to do anything more deliberate. One can't change that way." In his later fiction, Henry James was to create characters who do not delude themselves as much as Isabel did, about the extent of an individual's freedom. They come to acknowledge that what man nourishes, at bottom, is the "illusion of freedom." And they come to feel that it is

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this illusion that alone makes life possible.

To speak thus in our re-appraisal of this novel is perhaps to suggest too much that it is a fictional essay on determinism. A re-reading of it brings home anew the singular beauty of the writing, the inner harmonies of structure, the rhythm within the drama and the strength of the characterizations. It is a felicitious work and F. R. Leavis, the English critic, is right by considering it "one of the great novels of the English language." Every character is clearly projected, even the minor personages who walk briefly into the drama. We only glimpse Sisters Catherine and Justine, for instance, when they bring Pansy home from the convent, but James does not allow them to remain blanks. They are placed before us, we see them "plain, ample, mild-featured women, with a kind of business-like modesty to which the impersonal aspect of their stiffened linen and of the serge that draped them as if nailed on frames gave an advantage." The book abounds in such pictures. It is concrete and visual and brimming with life. The American and European values are carefully balanced and Henrietta Stackpole speaks for the strenuous and unsubtle aspects of America as Isabel speaks for the refined and the subtle. Isabel's choice we realize at the end, her fatal error, was even less free than she ever supposed: not only had she been preyed upon by others, not only had her cousin Ralph arranged the casket of freedom for her, from his sick-bed, but she could follow only the dictates of her constituted personality, from depths unfathomable to her.

This, then, is the portrait of an American lady of great innocence and of high spirit which Henry James placed many years ago in the gallery of the novel. She is seated in the pictures; her clasped hands are in repose in the lap of her black dress. She looks at us with her light grey eyes, her face, framed by her black hair, is one of rare beauty. Although she holds her head high and sits erect there is something flexible about her, suggesting she can turn this way and that in her alertness. The gallery in which she has been placed is strange and rather remarkable: on its walls are paintings of women who never lived, mere figments of their authors' minds, creatures of the printed word, who are yet alive. For who will say that there never was an Anna Karenina or a Madame Bovary, a Becky Sharp or a Lady of the Camelias? Isabel is a figure unique among them, as intensely American as they are European. Theirs have been largely dramas of passion, Isabel's drama has been, so to speak, a drama of suppressed passion, and of the evil that can lurk beneath the façade of life.

She is beautifully painted—this granddaughter of the Puritans who, from her highly varnished surface, looks down at us always with the freshness of her mind and the presumption of her youth.

Romance in the Operatic Manner

by Leslie A. Fiedler

ROBERT PENN WARREN occupies a unique and baffling position in the history of our recent literature. He belongs to an interim generation, a group easy to ignore, caught between Faulkner, Hemingway and Fitzgerald on the one hand and those whom we call, with greater or less latitude, our "young writers" on the other. It is not so much a matter of the year in which he was born as of a myth of himself: immune to the disenchantment of World War I and to the lure of expatriation, he has also not been touched by Marxist notions of alienation or the dream of a high bohemia of elegance and taste. He represents a line of development which begins with Faulkner's vision of the South as the landscape proper to the terror of us all; but he is not what we ordinarily mean these days by a "Southern Writer," not one of those feminizing Faulknerians, who via Katherine Ann Porter and Eudora Welty have burgeoned into the fullblown epicene school.

Warren, however, manages to preserve the shrillness of Faulknerian tone, the provinciality of his diction and the sense of a rhetoric more controlled by passion than design. He is, indeed, the only serious contemporary writer I know able to achieve the typical Faulknerian corkscrew motion of action, that inward and downward circling toward a climax of horror, which makes of plot an outward symbol of our inward flight from and attraction toward the revelation of guilt. But the author who clings to plotting remains by that token closer to the semi-literate reader than any exponent of sensibility; and this is by no means the only "popular" aspect of Warren's art. He is different from Faulkner in this respect, but no less sympathetic to those lovers of a "good story" so often baffled by current literature; for he has relinquished the hunting yarn, the comic folktale of sharp dealing and the detective story, only to substitute for them the Historical Romance, the debased and apparently unredeemable Bosom Book. We should be aware, however, that Warren's turning to the Historical Romance is an accommodation neither mercenary nor naïve; he exploits it for sophisticated and strategic ends.

In one of his roles, the extremely versatile Warren has stood for a long time as a representative New Critic, which is to say, an embattled highbrow; and his name is associated with the new Metaphysicals who once gathered around the *Southern Review*, Ransom, Tate, etc. The non-academic reader may not realize that with Cleanth Brooks, Warren is the author of a book of readings and commentary which has done more than any other single text to make the kind of poetry and critical approach associated with T. S. Eliot standard in the Freshman classroom. It is significant, I think, that Warren's chief critical accomplishment be such a piece of mediation between avant-garde aesthetics and practical pedagogy. There is something in him that longs to close gaps.

Warren is more than a critic and pedagogue turned novelist; he is also a poet of subtlety and distinction, who has long hesitated between prose and verse as a favorite narrative form and has finally achieved a special brand of heightened language, intermediate between verse and mannered prose, which can be drawn upon indifferently for a poem like *Brother to Dragons* or a novel like *Band of Angels*.

I have been convinced for a long time that Warren was feeling his way toward

Band of Angels, by Robert Penn Warren (Random House; $3.95).

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a form which would be neither prose nor poetry, but I have never been able to find a metaphor to define it. Since reading *Band of Angels*, I have become aware that what he has been approaching for so long is something not very different from nineteenth century Italian Opera: a genre full of conventional absurdities, lapses of good taste, strained and hectic plots—all aimed at becoming myth and melody. Though I feel deeply the *necessity* of such a contrivance and respect the courage of Warren's attempt, I am not quite sure that either the novel or the long poem intended to be read as a novel can stand such a metamorphosis.

Given the vast distances of the Opera House as it has evolved, the glare of lights and the stir of the audience, one can accept the bellowing, the gilt trimmings, even the vulgarities as finally satisfactory, part of a gross but coherent whole. In the intimate situation of reading a novel, however, there is not enough public rumor, not enough basic space to save the illusion. I see the grease paint; I am aware of the contrived effects; I cannot believe in the pasteboard sets. Or rather, by fits and starts I am carried away; and then my doubt returns. There is, at last, no sufficient poetry, perhaps no way of attaining it, to make an equivalent for the music into which all the oafishness and coarseness of effect of the opera flow and are redeemed.

For the rest *Band of Angels* is by no means the worst of Warren's fictions. It partakes of the strength of his best work, that combination of vigor and insight almost unparalleled in our time; and it exploits once more, with real skill, his typical devices and themes. The basic fable is that of a girl raised to believe she is white, who discovers on her father's death that she is legally a slave and a Negro, and must finally decide what she really is. The time of the tale, which spans the Civil War and the years just before and after, and its locale, chiefly New Orleans, are the basic stuff of Historical Romance. It is to these years and this place that the sentimental middlebrow mind recurs as to a dream of Eden. Here at last Warren is confronting *Gone with the Wind* on its own grounds and without subterfuge. But there is more; the device of the reversal from free man to slave, from white to Negro, picks up and develops the terrible irony of Twain's *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, which long before had tried (less self-consciously and before the split of audiences had grown so critical) a similar conversion of the popular to the metaphysical, of melodrama to tragedy. The note of miscegenation presides over the series of love affairs which are the true history of Amantha Starr, threatening to dissolve each embrace into a spasm of nausea or to convert it into a rape.

In addition the evocation of slavery and Reconstruction provide instances of the ambiguity of purpose at once familiar and classic in their purity. Warren develops with real skill the appalling double paradox of Emancipation: the utopian hope leading to slaughter and confusion, which just as irrationally eventuates in a limited and unexpected good; but Warren's emphasis is not on that ultimate, despaired-of benefit. His imagination comes chiefly to life in framing the easy stereotypes of slavery between a stomach-turning picture of the African "freedom" from which the blacks were snatched to bondage, and a vignette of New Orleans after its "liberation," with death and betrayal for the Negroes and profits in cotton for the "deliverers." The final impression is of the Negro staggering from the known horror of his past toward the unknown frightfulness of his future through the special terror of slavery, where his guilt and suffering compound the already intolerable burden of his white masters. It is the special fate of Amantha Starr, who never influences or desires to influence the course of history, to be its very embodiment; her mother a black slave and her father a white owner, she comes into being at the focus of their mutual plight. The child of whatever lust or love mitigated but could not destroy their hatred for each other, she longs with equal attraction and shrinks with equal repulsion from both her poles, black and white.

To make matters worse, Amantha has been sent as a child to enlightened and pious Oberlin for her education, and there she has acquired the sort of rigid sentimental fictions about slavery, which make her less than ever capable of responding to the real complexities of her situation, when she graduates from abolitionist lectures to the actualities of the slave market. From the moment when Amantha crouches helplessly in an unlocked room in New Orleans, because she takes for the ferocious bloodhound of Oberlin legend a good natured, slobbering dog in the courtyard, a single over-arching irony is played upon. The fetters which Amantha finds it hardest to escape are not those forged by the slaveholders, but by the propagandists of the North. And even should these drop off, she would be bound still by her own inexplicable sense of guilt and her anguish at the treachery of her father.

It is this strange paralysis of Amantha, her inability to walk through unlocked doors, which is the keynote of the book, and which makes it different finally from Warren's earlier variations on the theme of original guilt. This is, in all senses of the word, a woman's book, the real end of the line— its protagonist an inversion of all previous Warren heroes, the Woman in an ultimate and symbolic sense, its scene—the bed! No longer are we confronted with an impulsive righter of wrongs, driven to compound evil in his fury at its presence in himself and the world, but rather with a passive sufferer, who in the immobility of her self-pity permits man after man to make of her an occasion for self-destruction.

Amantha is a reasonably good woman, among Warren's gallery of bitches, extraordinarily so. She desires no harm, except where we all hopelessly do: at a level beneath her knowledge and will; she chooses only to be nothing. But it is because she is nothing that she destroys; and she must be nothing because she cannot will to say the words, "I am a Negro." This simple confession she cannot make, because such an avowal would turn her life into something to be lived instead of deplored. *Band of Angels* is essentially a book about the disease of pity: not only Amantha's self-pity, which arises out of an alienation from the self; but the pity she exacts from the men who surround her, her father, her first master and lover, her husband—also incapable of confessing the only truth that can make them free: that they, too, are "Negroes" and "slaves"—everyone a victim like Amantha. This declaration they dared not make, because it would cheat them of the privilege of treating Amantha as something different from their own humanity, would deprive them of the luxuries of disgust and condescension and pity.

Amantha, supremely passive, cannot

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free herself; nor can history free her, for it is not to her a reality. Only when her white husband has learned from the look in the eye of a Negro that he is "one who had to take it, too," not the noble protector of his imagination, but a drunkard and a victim, can he win the freedom upon which hers depends. He is able then to live with her not as a master with his slave or a benefactor with his beneficiary, but as one human sufferer with another in the trap of their common fate. At that point, Amantha, too, can cast-off the self-willed slavery which has survived the Emancipation Proclamation, jettison the pet name her father had invented for her out of his condenscion and guilt, and which she has in her weakness preserved. "Don't ever call me poor little Manty again," she cries at last. And she is free.

With this, *Band of Angels* reaches its conclusion: the up-ending after all and at last, making it the only book of Warren's to end short of bewilderment and despair. On the level of ideas, such a conclusion is satisfactory; we *can* make our separate peace with the human situation; but the resolutions is realized in terms of an incident so factitious, so dependent on circumstances uprooted in character, that the author himself seems driven to present it only obliquely. The heroic-comic challenge of Amantha's husband to his home town for the sake of a strange Negro, is told to us not directly by Warren but only through that husband in a jocular and pseudo-Faulknerian tone which cannot conceal beneath its jesting the weakness of the ending. At the last moment, Warren becomes not the manipulator but the victim of his plot which has turned into a mere machine, a device for concluding events which have no logical or symbolic end. The finale is operatic in the worst sense of the word a contrived scene to make possible a closing duet and a triumphant curtain; the book deserves better.

The Odor of Sanctity

by Gerald W. Johnson

THE autobiography of Will Hays is a fascinating and in some of its implications a terrifying book. The smoothest political operator of his generation offers a handbook on the manipulation of public opinion that certainly rates high and is probably the best now in print. The Indiana boy who made good in a big way testifies in the strongest terms to the practical value of industry, sobriety, piety and good temper. The product of what many regard as the ideal American environment—a Christian home, neither rich nor poverty-stricken, in a small town, followed by education in a small but good college, then the practice of law combined with all kinds of civic activities and gradual absorption in politics, leading at last to the President's Cabinet—offers a success story practically without a flaw.

The Memoirs of Will H. Hays (Doubleday; $7.50).

It is a shock, then, to realize that this amiable gentleman, gleaming with more virtues than Eisenhower has medals, was one of the chief architects of the most disgraceful interlude in American political history. He helped scuttle the League of Nations, he played a major part in electing Harding to the Presidency, and he claims to have assisted in putting Andrew Mellon in the Treasury. The wreck of the League raised the Second World War from probable to inevitable. The election of Harding inflicted upon the country the shame of seeing a Cabinet officer engage in activities that put him behind prison bars. The appointment of Mellon cleared the way for the Mellon-Coolidge fiscal policy that culminated in the crash of 1929 and the depression that folowed.

The inescapable inference is that the life and labors of a clean-limbed American boy, who neither drank nor smoked, and who taught Sunday-school all his life, may play a large part in bringing upon the country war, disgrace and ruin.

This truly appalling reversal of copybook morality demands an explanation that the book itself does not afford. William Harrison Hays died in the odor of sancitity in 1954, peaceful, prosperous, and apparently untroubled by a single doubt that his career had been devoted entirely to the service of the true, the beautiful and the good. More than that, there are millions of his compatriots who agree. He did not steal, he did not get drunk, he did not keep mistresses, he did not engage in any of the carnalities denounced by the Westminster Confession, and he did work hard, vote the straight Republican ticket, and teach Sunday-school. Therefore he was a good man and a model citizen.

That a man may have a moral code of fabulous length and yet have no more moral responsibility than a gatepost is an idea as alien to millions of American minds as any of the mysteries of nuclear physics; yet the successful operation of self-government by free men hangs upon it. Will Hays was not a hypocrite. He incurred no sense of guilt by voting and working for Harding, because Harding had been nominated by his party, and faithful adherence to the party brought absolution. Strange doctrine for a stout Presbyterian, but it is widely accepted and is probably the largest single obstacle in the way of good government.

The capstone of Hays' career was his acceptance, at the solicitation of the movie moguls, of a sort of dicatorship of the industry. He resigned the Postmaster-Generalship to accept this job and he was a great success; for what had brought the movie industry to the verge of ruin was internal warfare based on the producers' greed and mutual suspicion. Hays was a past master at bringing such factors under a reasonable degree of control and by following his advice for less than five years the industry became the fourth largest in the United States and profitable beyond comprehension. His salary as movie czar ran into six figures, but he was worth every cent of it.

It is probably a good thing that this fascinating career has been embalmed and put on permanent exhibition with the careerist's own guarantee of its authenticity. For it is authentic, even if its smoothness is attributable to Ernest B. Chamberlain, whom Hays designates as his "operations officer" rather than his ghost-writer. In years to come analysts of all types, from politicians to psychiatrists, are sure to find it a treasure-trove, for it reveals a one hundred percent American mind working in ways that stagger logicians and fill moralists with woe unutterable.

Notes on Contributors

LEON EDEL is completing the second volume of his biography of Henry James. His present essay will be embodied in the introduction to Riverside Editions' forthcoming reissue of *The Portrait of a Lady*. LESLIE A. FIEDLER is the author of a highly controversial new book, *An End to Innocence*.

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A Communication

Slip-up on the Summit

SIRS:

Several weeks ago my wife and I read in a newspaper that Mr. Pat Weaver, president of NBC-TV, was of the opinion that Bulganin is every bit as good as Jerry Lewis (or was before Premier B. got sick), and that he, Mr. Weaver, was going to do a TV show for public edification called MEETING AT THE SUMMIT, casting Bulganin, Eisenhower, Eden, and Faure as leads. Fine! In fact, we approved to the extent that we decided we would make every attempt to see this show. We made certain of the date and planned to be at a set at the appointed hour.

The Sunday the show was to go on, we were to be in Batavia, N. Y., on business, approximately 40 miles from Rochester where my wife's parents live. We found that by terminating the business appointment a little early and by slightly breaking speed laws we could reach Rochester by seven o'clock.

In Rochester, after hurried greetings to my wife's parents, we sped up the stairs to the room in which the TV is kept. My father-in-law turned the knobs, and we settled down to see big men on high levels do their stuff.

My conception of TV didn't coincide with the producers', apparently, or the planners of the SUMMIT, or whoever it was that spoiled that first half of the program for me. I conceive of TV as a medium for viewer participation in events anywhere in the world at the moment they're happening. We got, that first half hour, a synopsis of the reasons for the SUMMIT, a brief history of the events of the last ten years, reports from several charming, visual and, I'm sure, well-informed reporters, stating that there was a lot of excitement in Geneva, many people there, and a hopeful atmosphere pervading the general scene. Well, all right, we said, this is OK for the prelims; and next week we'll have the real thing.

The next week we made an appointment with *my* parents for a seven o'clock final. We arrived slightly before show time, turned the set on, the same man we had seen the week before appeared and told us more about the atmosphere of Geneva and the hopes that all sides had for future peace, future meetings and future hopes. Then we were treated to candid shots of Eisenhower striding swiftly and sternly up some stairs, Bulganin pausing on perhaps the same stairs, smiling and waving to some people, Tony Eden looking quite dapper somewhere, Mamie Eisenhower smiling at a reception. After this coziness, we got down to the business of the day. We were given a long shot of a table, huge and impressive, with four people seated on quartering sides. We dollied in slowly toward the faces. Bulganin? Eisenhower? Khrushchev? No. None of these. Not one. Not even a State Department secretary. Just four (I'm sure these men were innocent of any purposeful hoax) reporters, four analysts, or whatever one calls the men who tell you what they think the news is.

Each of these four men had, placed before him in United Nations fashion, a placard stating that one was representing the USSR, one representing the US, one England, and one France. One, as he spoke, leaned forward (not at the camera, heaven forbid, but at some indeterminate spot in space (possibly a teleprompter?), knitted his brows, and voiced Russia's views in highly articulate English. Another, looking equally as serious, spoke for the United States. And so on. As soon as these gentlemen finished with international word play and with us, we were returned to our original spokesman for the MEETING AT THE SUMMIT, who told us that he was still hopeful.

We weren't. Not for the TV version. We had been had. Tricked. I *still* don't know if Bulganin is as good as Jerry Lewis. I never saw the man do his stuff. I'm sure that any Jerry Lewis fan was far better off watching Jerry Lewis than we were, straining for a glimpse of Bulganin.

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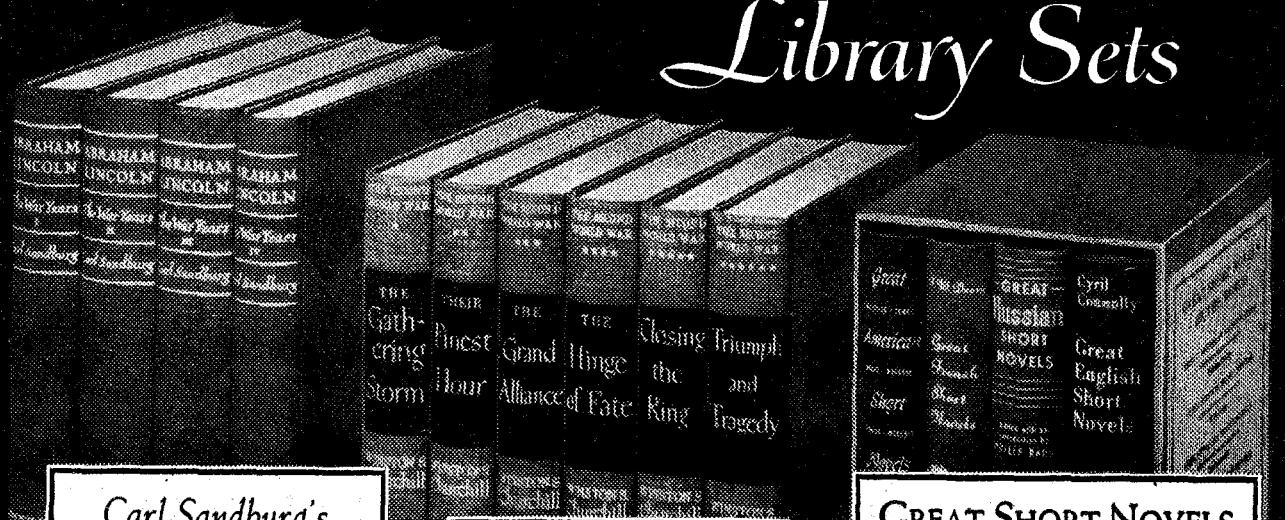

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